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LONDON,

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GENTLEMEN & LADIES,

OUR kind Acceptance of my former Collection of the newest and best modish Songs and Ayres that were then in Town, has encouraged me to undergo the Pains and Charge of Publishing this Second Book, wherein you are presented with most of the Choicest New-Mode Songs, that were Composed since that time by several Eminent MASTERS of His Majesties MUSIC. I shall not apologize for their Excellency, the Authors Names, which you will find added to most of them, are sufficient to declare it; and for those that want the Reputation of their Authors, whose Names (through ignorance) are omitted, the Esteem given them by the most skilful Musicians, supplies that defect. Most of the Songs and Ayres herein contained I received exact Copies of from the Hands of their Authors, to whom I acknowledge my self much obliged, for their Assistance in promoting this Work: And it has been my extraordinary Care, to do them the Justice, and give you the Satisfaction, of having them truly Corrected and well Printed; for which, your Approbation will be a sufficient Recompense, and a farther incouragement to me to present you hereafter with more of this nature; and in the mean time to remain,

Your Obliged Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

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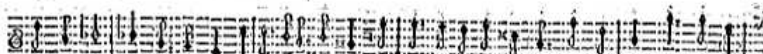
URANIA to PARTHENISSA.



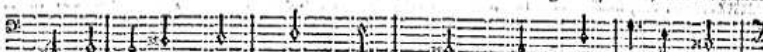
N a soft Vision of the Night, my Fancy represented to my sight,



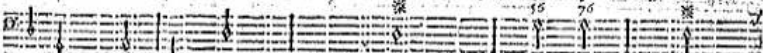
a goodly gentle Shade: Me-thought, it mov'd with a Majestick Grace; but the surprizing Sweetness



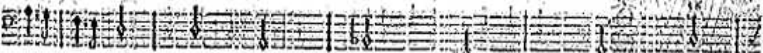
of its face, made me amaz'd, made me afraid: I found a secret Shiv'ring in my heart, such as Friends



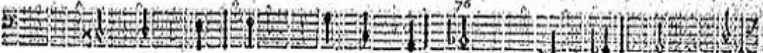
feel that meet or part: Approaching nearer, with a tim'rous Eye, Is then my Parthenissa dead? said:



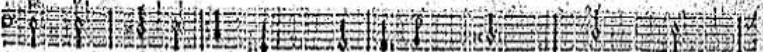
I, Ah, Parthenissa! If thou yet art kind, as kind as when like me, thou wast away's, when



Thou and I had equal share in either's Heart: How canst thou bear, that I am left behind?



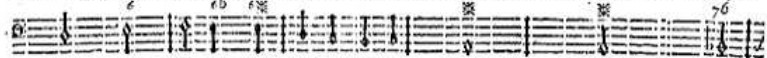
Dare Parthenissa! Oh, those pleasant hours that blest our innocent Amours: When in the common



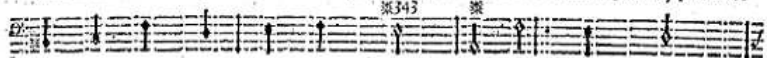
treasury of one breast, all that was thine or mine did rest: Dear *Parthe-nis-sa*! Dear *Parthe-nis-sa*!



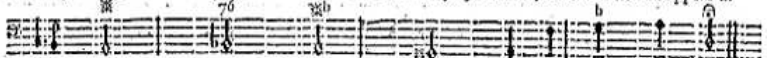
Friend! What shall I say! Ah, speak to thy *De-vi-ni-a*! O, envious Death! Nothing but thee I fear'd; no



other Rival could estrange her soul from mine, or make me change: Scarce had I spoke my passionate

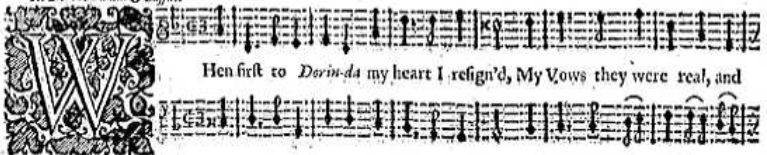


Fears, and overwhelm'd my self in Tears; But *Par-the-nis-sa* Smil'd, and then she disappear'd;

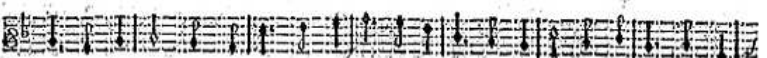


Mr. Math. Locke.

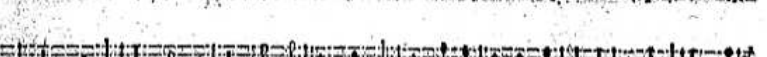
A. 2^o. Voc. Cantu & Bassu.



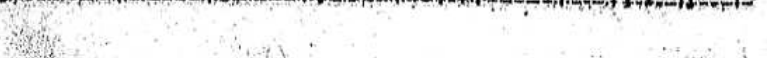
Hen first to *De-vi-da* my heart I resign'd, My Vows they were real, and



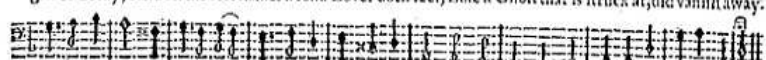
Passion unfeign'd: But she scorn'd my devoirs, and refus'd to be kind; tho' she lov'd, tho' she



lov'd, when she rashly disdain'd. But alas, 'twas in vain, for my cowardly zeal, no sooner resisted, be-



gan to decay; And all the soft flames a fond Lover doth feel, Like a Ghost that is struck at, did vanish away.

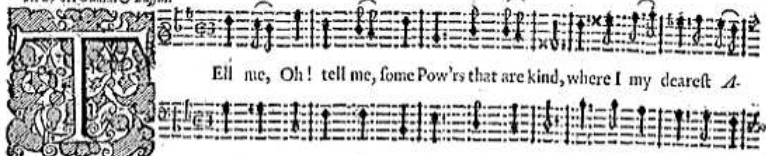


Mr. Forcer.

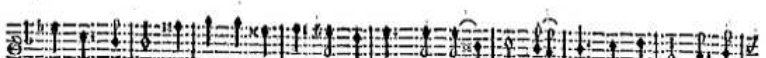
II.
Then how cruel, how cruel and harsh was the smart!
When her Eyes gave me wounds, but would not discover
The plot of that Passion that play'd with my heart;
And I seem'd to condemn to secure a poor Lover.
Ah! too, too unjust to her self and to me;
Thus neither obtain'd, though we both did adore;
My heart she had kept, had her Passion been free:
But now 'tis return'd, I can offer't no more.

III.
Yet forc'd by her Vertues, I ne'er can repent
My Devotion, nor count her repulse for the Fate
That prov'd so ungentle, and hence to prevent;
Our Amours shall grow milder, and protect me from hate.
Then far from her sight, to some Grove I'll retire,
Where she grieves for my loss, I will never remove;
But sighing, repeat, that I once did admire;
I'll languish for pity, tho' I cannot for Love.

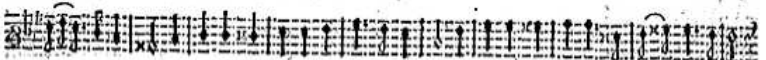
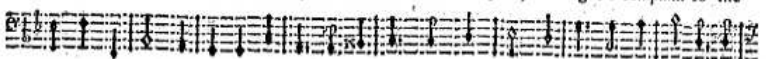
A. 2^o. Voc. Cantu & Bassu.



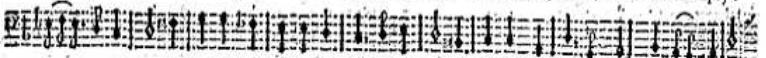
Ell me, Oh! tell me, some Pow'rs that are kind, where I my dearest A-



stella may find: I wander all day in dark shades of Despair; All night I complain to the



pi-tylefs Ay! *Astel-la*, *Astel-la*, is all my sad cry! *Astel-la*, *Astel-la*, the Ecchos reply:

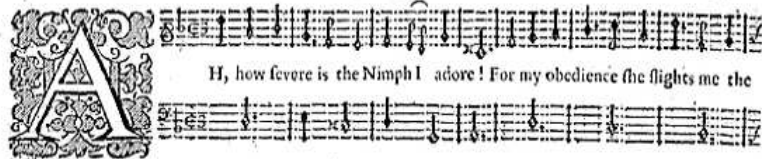


But, alas! she's not there; But, alas! she's not there, and her Lover must Dye:

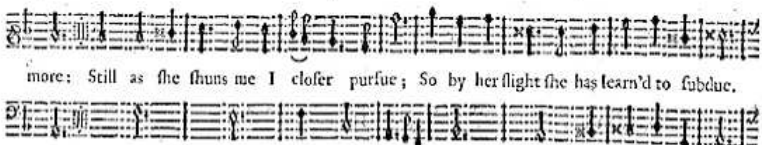


Mr. James Haft.

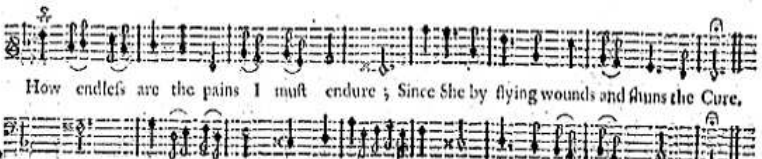
II. Why should the Envy of doating old Age,
The heart of young Lovers to sorrow engage;
The Ev'ning of Life let dull Interest move;
The Mornings of Youth are for Pleasure and Love!
Astella, *Astella*, to Pleasure give way;
Bright Beauty and Youth fullen time must obey:
But the Love of *Aminta*! but the Love of *Aminta* shall never decay.



H, how severe is the Nymph I adore! For my obedience she slight me the



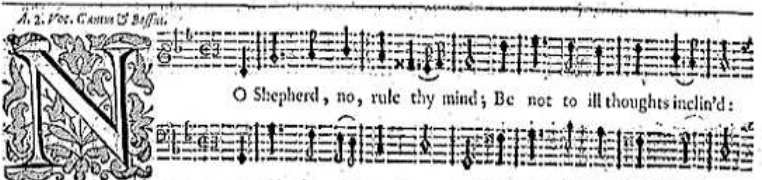
more: Still as she shuns me I closer pursue; So by her sight she has learn'd to subdue.



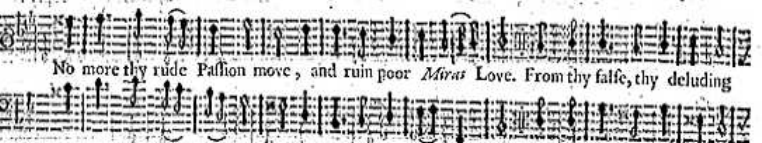
How endless are the pains I must endure; Since she by flying wounds and shuns the Cure.

II. But how unhappy soever I prove,
Still I must follow, and still I must love:
For should I struggle, and break off my chain,
My freedom would be worse than her disdain.
Therefore the nobler Fate I will prefer;
It must be happy, if it come from her.

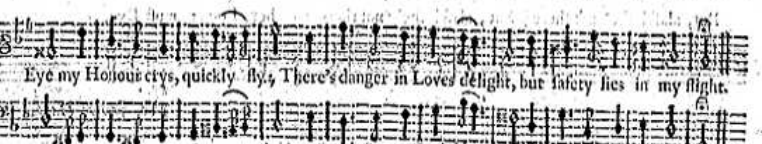
Mr. James Hart.



O Shepherd, no, rule thy mind; Be not to ill thoughts inclin'd:



No more thy rude Passion move, and ruin poor *Miras* Love. From thy false, thy deluding



Eye my Honour crys, quickly fly, There's danger in Loves delight, but safety lies in my flight.

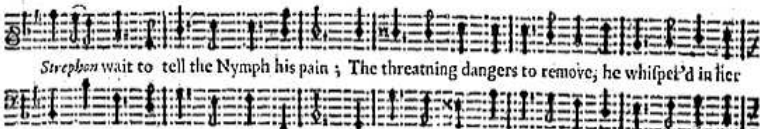
II. My heart relents and despairs,
To conquer thy moving Prayers:
Oh, if thou my loss canst fear,
Thy Passionate Vow for fear
For if Love makes my heart comply,
My Virtue knows how to dye;
And death, from all scandal clear,
Is better than Empire hear.

Mr. James Hart.

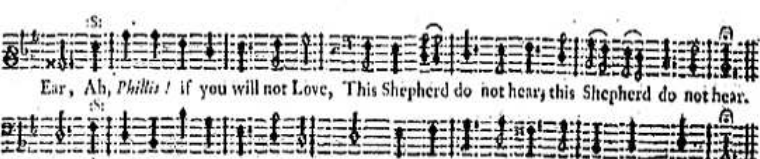
A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bass.



S Amoret with *Phyllis* sit, one Ev'ning on the Plain, And saw the charming



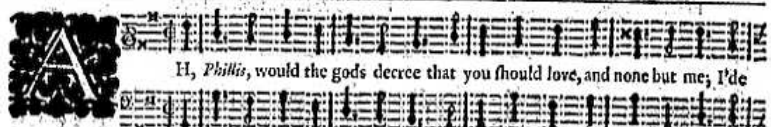
Stephen wait to tell the Nymph his pain; The threatening dangers to remove, he whisper'd in her



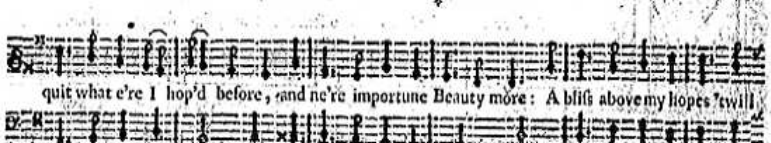
Ear, Ah, *Phyllis*! if you will not Love, This Shepherd do not hear, this Shepherd do not hear.

II. None ever had so strange an art
His Passion to convey
Into a list'ning Virgins heart,
And steal her Soul away.
Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your Fate;
In vain said she, in vain you strive;
Alas! 'tis now to late! Alas! 'tis now to late!

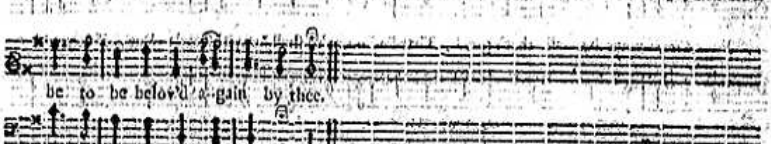
Mr. Staggins.



H, *Phyllis*, would the gods decree that you should love, and none but me, I'de



quit what e're I hop'd before, and ne're importune Beauty more: A bliss above my hopes 'twill

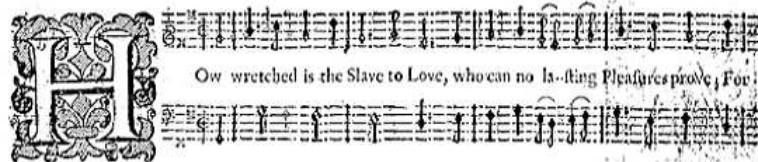


be to be belov'd again by thee.

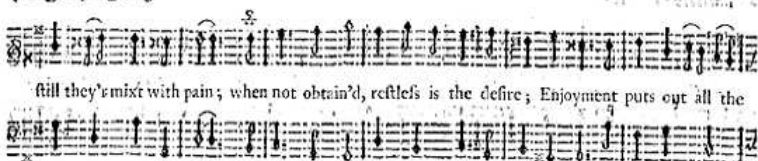
Should you, my *Phyllis*, cruel prove,
And with disdain, return my Love:
Though all my hopes were still in vain,
I'de look on you, and hope again:
Or, Martyr-like, charm'd with the Cause
Glory to suffer by your Laws.

Mr. William Threlker.

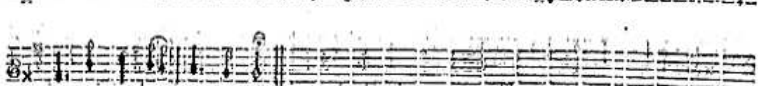
II. Though some by chance procure their peace,
My Life before my Love shall cease;
My Love's Immortal as my Soul,
Which fate by death cannot controul:
Should you affect to cross my Love,
My Death my Constancy should prove.



Ow wretched is the Slave to Love, who can no last-ing Pleasures prove; For



still they mixt with pain; when not obtain'd, restless is the desire; Enjoyment puts out all the



Fire, and shews the Love is vain.



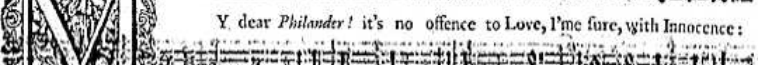
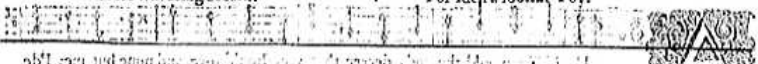
Mr. Forcer.

II.

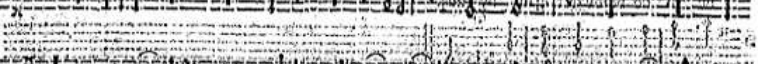
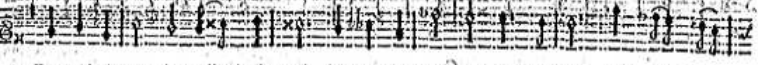
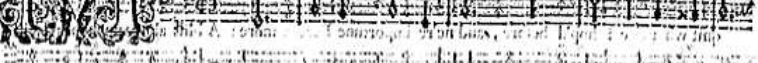
It wanders to another soon,
Wanes and increases like the Moon;
And like her never rests:
Makes Tides of pleasures
Now and then of Tears,
Which ebb and flows of Joys and Cares,
In Lovers wavering breaths.

III.

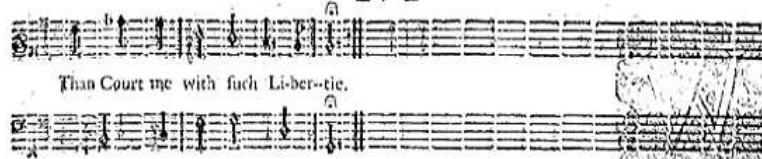
But spite of Love, I will be free,
And triumph in that libertie
I without that enjoy:
I sh'ld of Prisons
Be my body's hind,
Rather than chain my free-born mind
For such a foolish Toy.



Y dear Philander! it's no offence to Love, I'm sure, with Innocence:



only Love an hour, or less, can serve to devour; Farewell, I'm sure, I have no more to say.

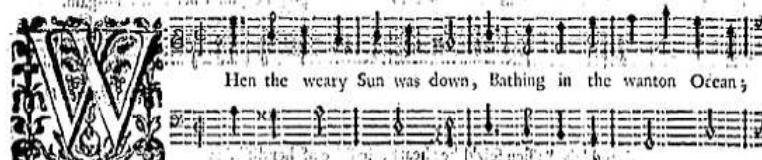


Than Court me with such Li-ber-tie.

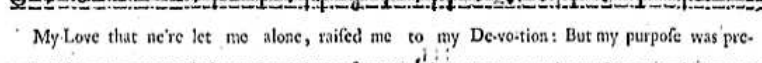
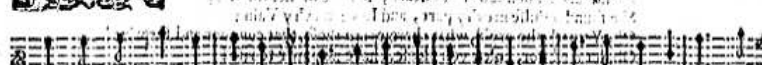
Mr. James Hart.

II.

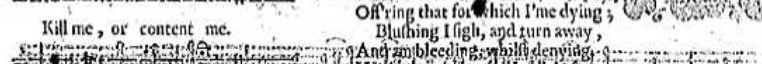
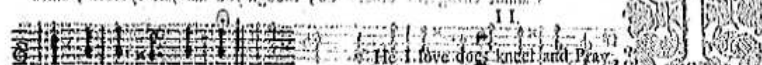
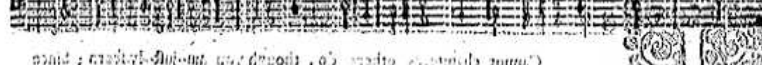
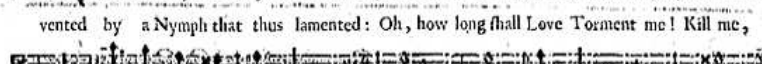
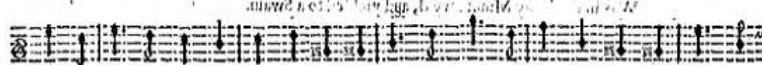
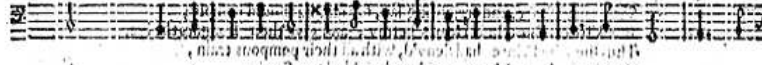
By this I'll try still your Constancy;
Now, Will you live? or, Will you dye?
To live, I'd rather have you chuse:
But, if this freedom you abuse,
Philander, know by Heavens leave,
I'll send you restless to your Grave;
Where you shall so Tormented be,
You'll wish in vain for to be free.



Hen the weary Sun was down, Bathing in the wanton Ocean;



My Love that ne'er let me alone, rais'd me to my De-votion: But my purpose was pre-



Kill me, or content me.

Mr. Alphon, Harb.

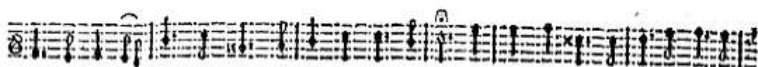
II.

He I love does kneel and Pray,
Offering that for which I'm dying,
Blushing I sigh, and turn away,
And ambleading, whilst denying,
With a careless voted I rally,
Whilst my heart does blame my folly:
Oh, that Love was once deceiving,
Let me dye, or let me have him.

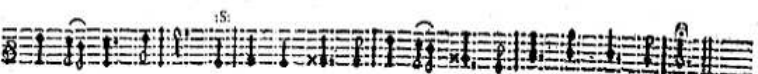
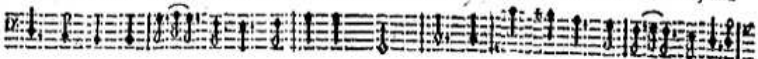
A 2. voc. Cantata & Saffus.



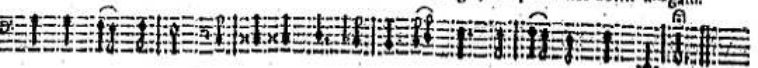
Hile Close full of harmless Thoughts, beneath the Willow lay; Kind



Love a comely Shepherd brought to pass the time away: She Blush'd to be encounter'd so, and



chid the Am'rous Swain: But as she strove to rise and go, he pull'd her down a--gain.



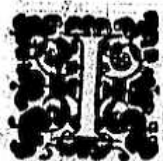
Mr. James Hart.

II.

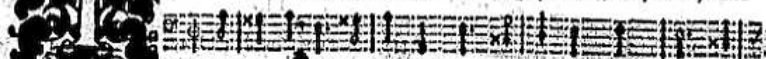
A sudden Passion seiz'd her heart, in spite of her disdain;
She found a Pulse in ev'ry part, and Love in ev'ry Vain:
Oh, Youth! she cry'd, what charmes are these, that conquer and surprize!
Oh, let me! for, unless you please, I have no pow'r to rise!

III.

She faintly spoke, and trembling lay, for fear he should comply;
But Virgins Eyes their Hearts betray, and give their Tongues the lye.
Thus she who Princes had deny'd, with all their pompous train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd, and yielded to a Swain.



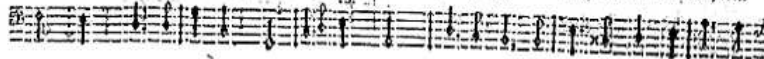
Cannot change, as others do, though you un-just-ly scorn, Since



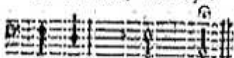
that poor Swain that sighs for you, for you! a--lone was born: No, Phillis, no, your



heart to move, a surer way I'll try; And to revenge my slighted Love, will still love on, will



still love on, and dye.



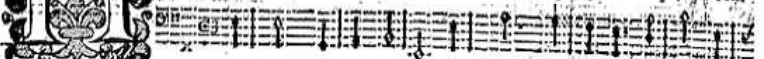
Mr. William Turner.

II.

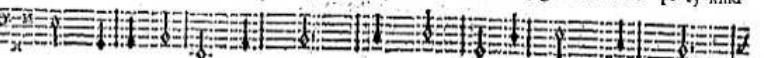
When kill'd with grief *Anima* lyes,
And you to mind shall call
The Sighs, that now unpitt'y'd rise;
The Tears that vainly fall:
That welcome hour that ends his smart;
Will then begin your pain:
For such a faithful tender Heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.



Ow' cruel is Fortune grown, to turn all my hopes to despair; From



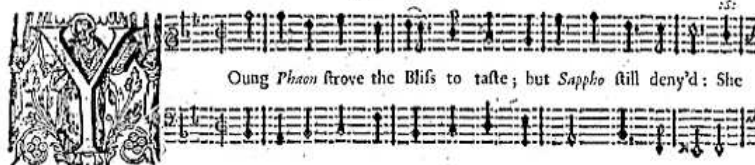
Bliss I am head-long thrown, and banish'd the sight of the Fair: Oh, grant me some pi-ty kind



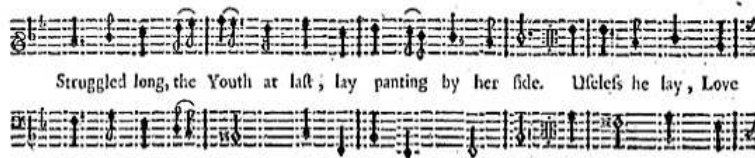
Heav'n! to my Sorrow afford some relief; Or let my poor Life be giv'n a Martyr un-to my Grief.



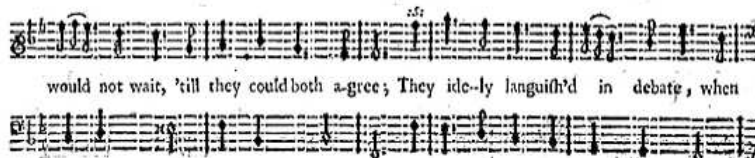
While striving with Care and Pain
To cure my poor Soul of its smart;
More Grief the sad Centre gains,
And sends a deep Sigh from my Heart:
In vain do I think on Joys,
Or for Happiness beg, or implore;
When each cruel moment destroys
Whatever I thought on before.



Oung Phao strove the Bliss to taste; but Sappho still deny'd: She



Struggled long, the Youth at last, lay panting by her side. Useless he lay, Love



would not wait, 'till they could both agree; They idly languish'd in debate, when

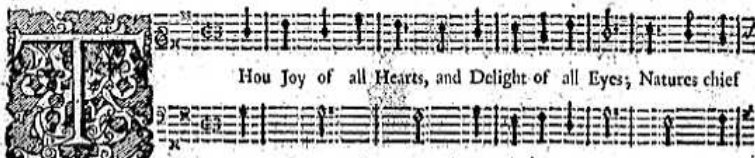


they should active be.

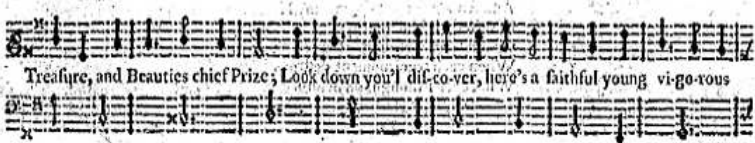
Mr. John Banister.

II.

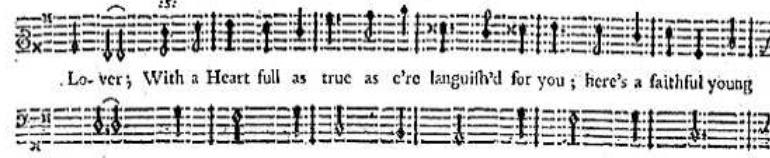
At last come ruin me, she cry'd,
And then there fell a Tear:
I'll in thy Breast my Blushes hide,
Do all that Virgins fear.
O, that age could loves Rites perform,
We make Old Men obey;
They court us long, Youth does but storm,
And plunder and away.



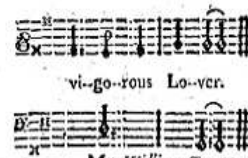
Hou Joy of all Hearts, and Delight of all Eyes; Natures chief



Treasure, and Beauties chief Prize; Look down you'll discover, here's a faithful young vi-go-rous



Lo-ver; With a Heart full as true as e're languish'd for you; here's a faithful young

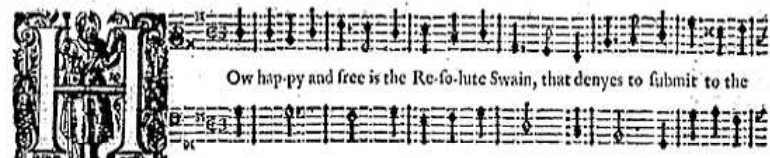


vi-go-rous Lo-ver.

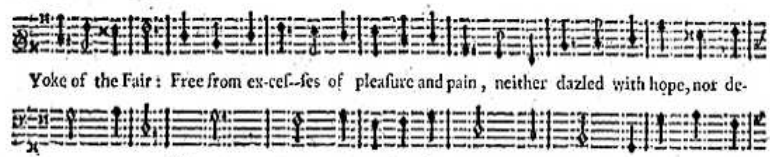
Mr. William Turner.

II.

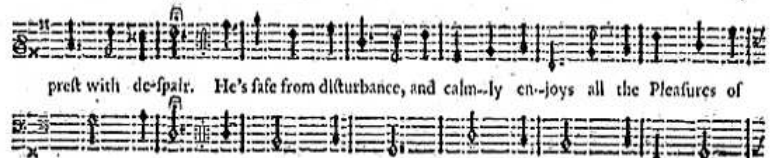
The Heart that was once a Monarch in's breast,
Is now your poor Captive, and can take no rest;
'Twill never give over,
But about your sweet Bosome will hover;
Dear Miss let it in,
Be assur'd 'tis no sin;
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.



Ow hap-py and free is the Re-so-lute Swain, that denies to submit to the



Yoke of the Fair: Free from ex-cesses of pleasure and pain, neither dazled with hope, nor de-



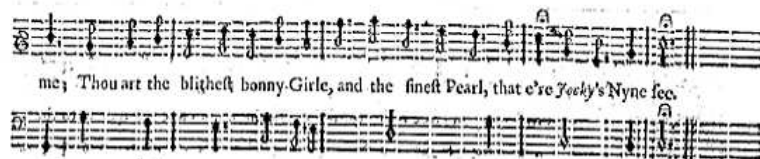
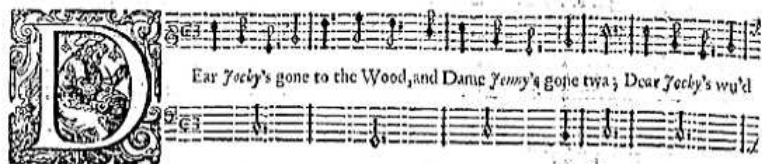
prest with de-spair. He's safe from disturbance, and calm-ly en-joys all the Pleasures of



Love, without clamour or noise.

II. Poor Shepherds in vain there affections reveal,
To a Nymph that is preewith, proud, fallen, and coy;
Vainly do Virgins their Passion conceal,
For they boyl in their grief, 'till themselves they destroy.
And thus the poor Darling lies under the Curse,
To be check'd in the Womb, e're-laid by the Nurse.

A SCOTCH AIRE.



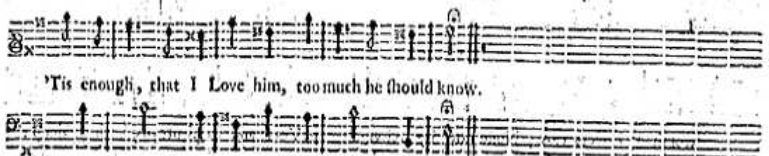
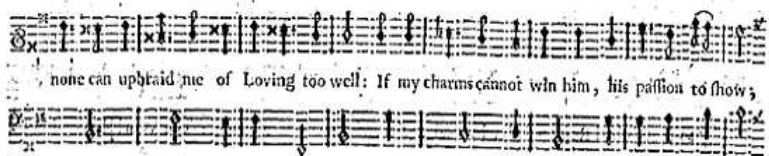
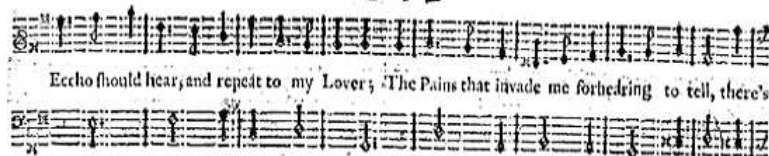
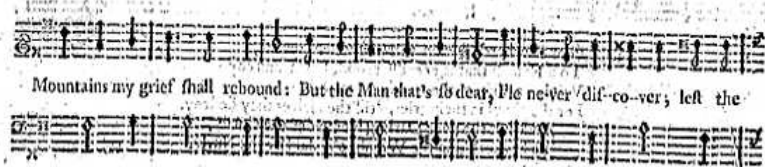
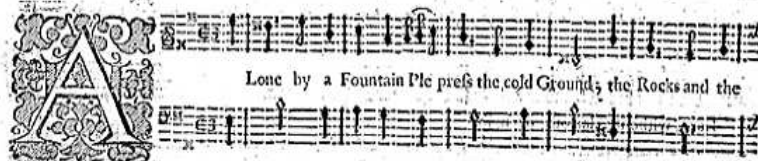
Mr. William Gregorie.

II.

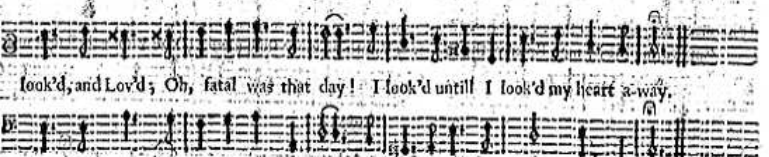
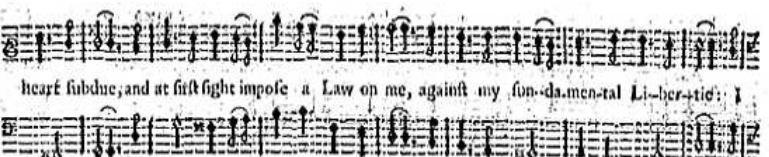
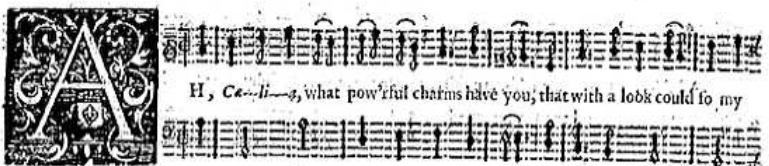
When *Jocky* had Wo'd her thus, she sa's prethee forbear;
Thou *Jocky* art false I fear, and wadst *Jenny* insnare:
Dame *Jenny* believe it not, that thy *Jocky* is untrue;
For I do swear by au' that's good, in this pleasant Wood,
And by Bonnet that's Blue.

III.

Why shu'd I not now believe, when dear *Jocky* d'us Swear
By Bonnet, and au' that's good, that e're *Jocky's* al wear:
Come let us gang he'm my Dear, and be merry there a' while,
I love thee heartily my Joy, thart the only Boy
On whom *Jenny's* al Smile.



Mr. Simon Pack, Gent.



II.

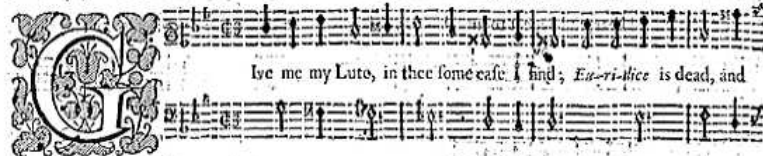
And yet upon your Brow you wore a Frown;
What would serenity then and smiles have done;
In vain, in vain we boast a free born Soul,
When Beauty can so easily controul!
When every glance does liberty expose,
And with a Look, we native Freedom lose.

III.

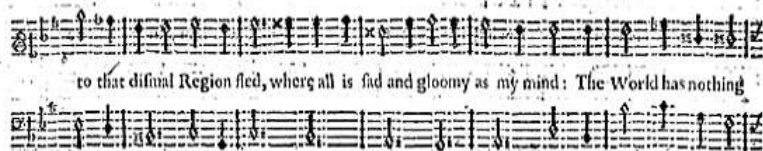
You bid me now resume my libertie;
Alas! I cannot, if I would be free:
Should Fate the unwill'd Pow'r bestow, yet still
Having that Pow'r, I should want the will.
Where Love so absolute a Monarch reigns,
They court their Fetters, & grow proud of Chains.

E

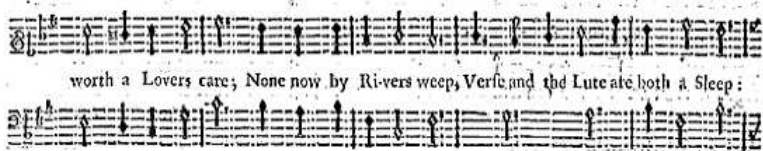
A SONG in the Play of CIRCE.



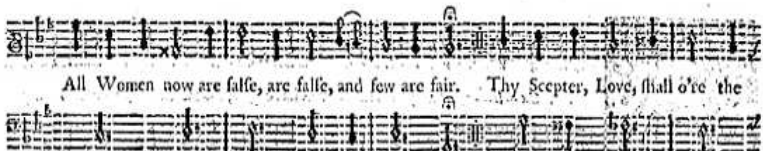
Give me my Lute, in thee some ease I find; *Eu-ri-dice* is dead, and



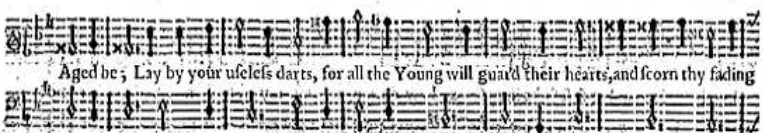
to that dismal Region fled, where all is sad and gloomy as my mind: The World has nothing



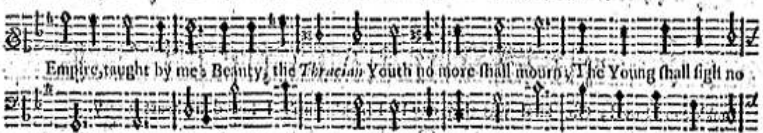
worth a Lovers care; None now by Ri-vers weep, Verse and the Lute are both a Sleep:



All Women now are false, are false, and few are fair. Thy Scepter, Love, shall o're the



Aged be; Lay by your useless darts, for all the Young will guard their hearts, and scorn thy fading

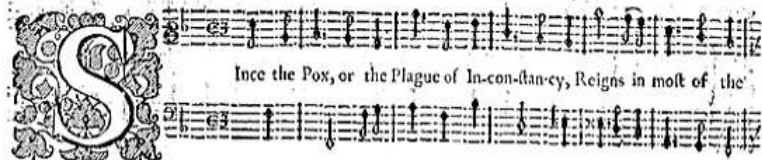


Empire, taught by me's Beauty, the *Thracian* Youth no more shall mourn; The Young shall fight no

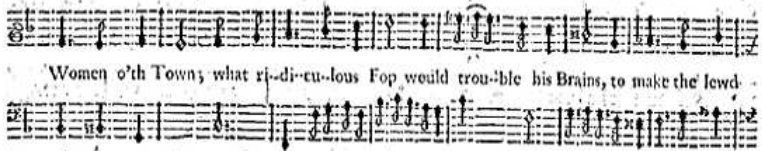


more, but all thy fiddle Verse adore; It has more Graces, Graces, than the Queen of Love.

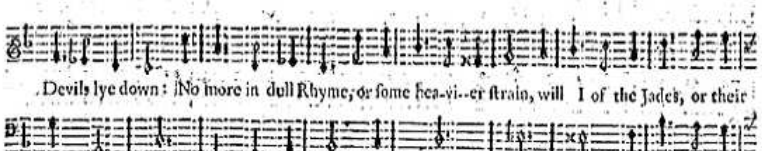
Mr. John Banister.



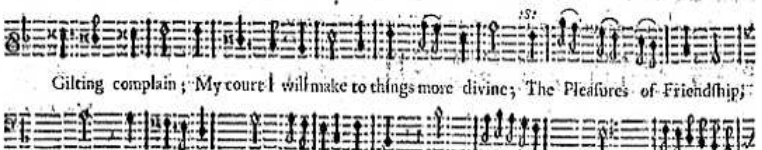
Since the Pox, or the Plague of In-con-stance, Reigns in most of the



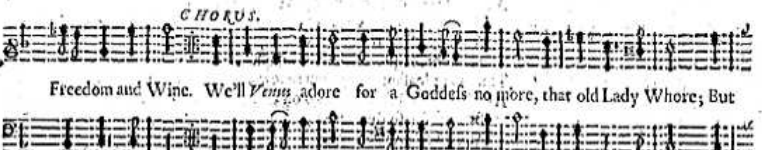
Women o'th Town; what ri-di-cu-lous Fop would trouble his Brains, to make the Jewd-



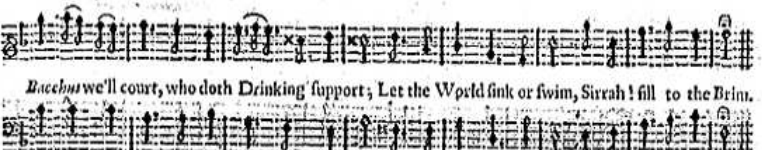
Devils lye down: No more in dull Rhyme, or some hea-vi-er strain, will I of the Jades, or their



Gilding complain; My course I will make to things more divine; The Pleasures of Friendship;



Freedom and Wine. We'll Young adore for a Goddess no more, that old Lady Whore; But



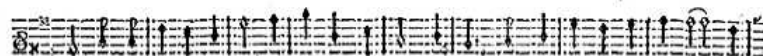
Bacchus we'll court, who doth Drinking support; Let the World sink or swim, Sirrah! fill to the Brim.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

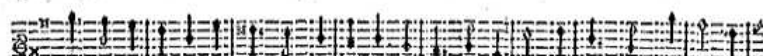
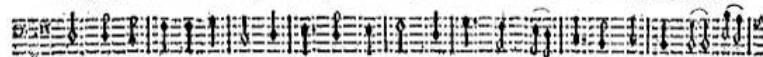
A. 2. For Canvas & Biffin.



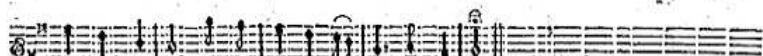
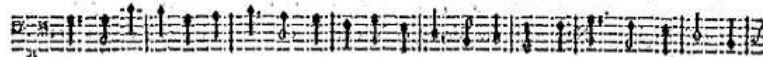
Ow subt'ly Love deals with us slaves, when each look does encrease our de-



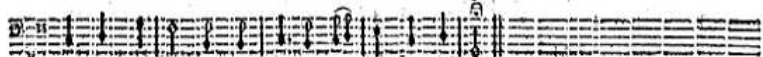
sires; at each Amorous view, Love rallys a new, and fans the kind Flame still up higher: But



when we are come to embrace, and Loves Organs in action empty; Our Panges they are such, that



scarce can we touch e're we faint, and fall breathless away.



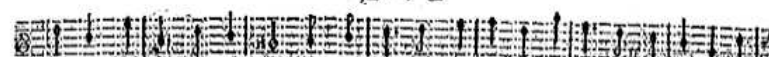
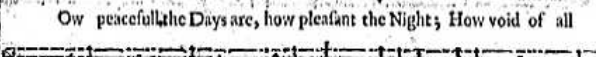
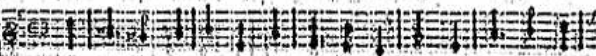
II.

Mr. Forcer.

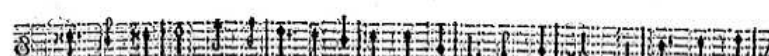
Then panting in respire we lye,
And muse on the pastime began;
Till by powerful thought,
With pleasure refraght,
We take heart to be sick once again.
Thus our pleasant convulsion renew,
And in sweetest succession go on;
Till our fits so dull grow,
And do follow so slow,
That our pretty Love Fainting is done.



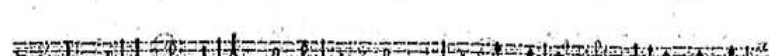
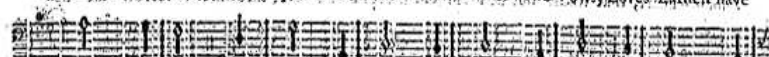
Ow peacefull the Days are, how pleasant the Night; How void of all



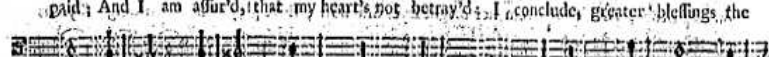
trouble, how full of de-light; when the Eyes of De-rin-da her heart does discover with



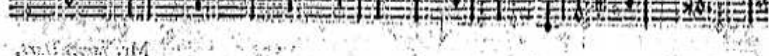
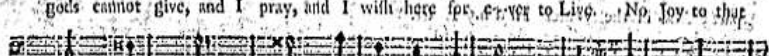
all the kind looks, on her passionate Lover: With Kisses, and Vows, Loves Earnest have



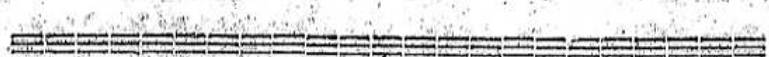
paid; And I am assur'd, that my heart's not betray'd: I conclude, greater blessings the



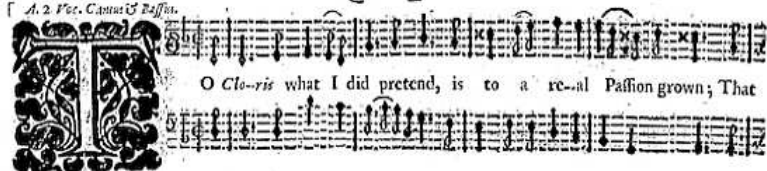
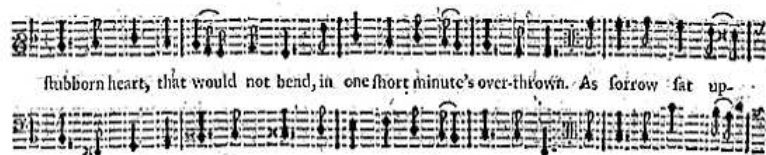
gods cannot give, and I pray, and I wish here for ever to Live. No Joy to that



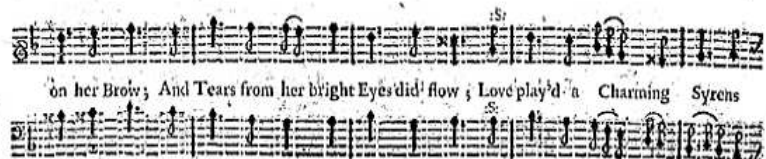
Love where true hearts do unite, tis a Morning Eter-nal, that ne-ver sees Night. Aloud in A



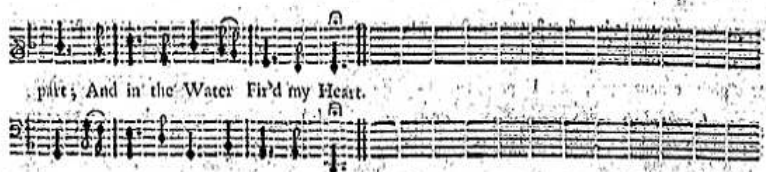
A. 2. For Cantus & Bass.

O *Cloris* what I did pretend, is to a real Passion grown; That

stubborn heart, that would not bend, in one short minute's over-thrown. As sorrow sat up-



on her Brow; And Tears from her bright Eyes did flow; Love play'd a Charming Syrens

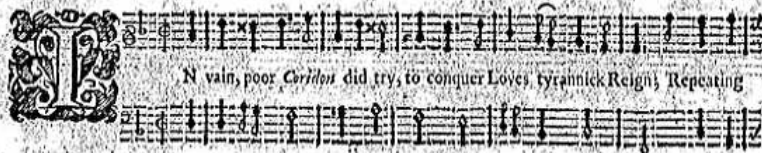
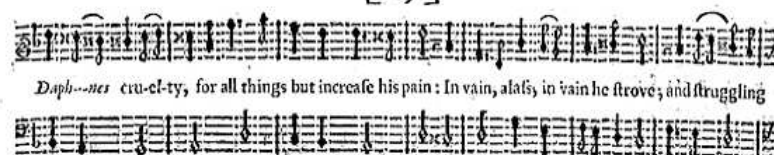
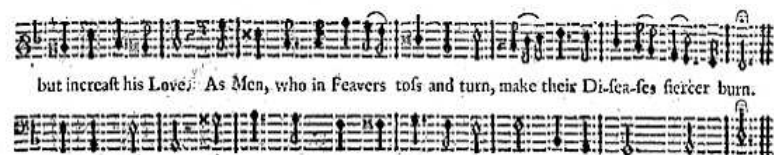


put; And in the Water Fir'd my Heart.

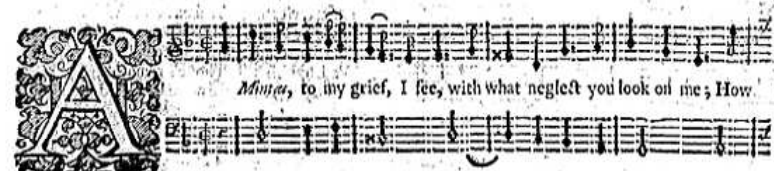
Mr. James Harris.

II.
How pleasant was the sad surprise;
Whilst I to quench my flames did seek;
Those Pearls that melted from her Eyes,
And fondly kiss'd them off her Cheek;
With her white hand she put me by,
And softly cry'd, *Amintor*, fly;
Left, by your stay, you do receive
Infection, and with *Cloris* grieve.

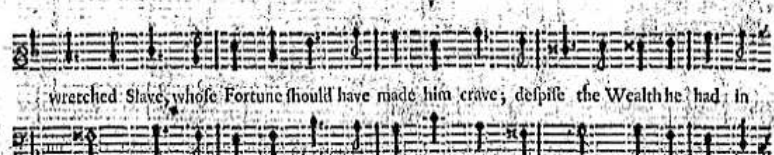
III.
Too late, alas, you do advise,
The sweet Contagion now hath spread;
My Heart's your Beauties Sacrific'd,
And panting at your feet is laid.
Ah, *Cloris*, make a kind return,
'Twas gentle pity made me burn;
But if the Off'ning you despise,
Declare it, and *Amintor* dies.

In vain, poor *Coridon* did try, to conquer Love's tyrannick Reign; Repeating*Daphnes* cru-el-ty, for all things but increase his pain: In vain, alas, in vain he strove; and struggling

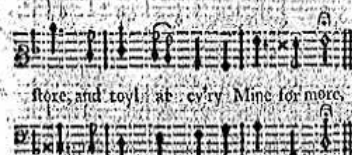
but increast his Love: As Men, who in Feavers tofs and turn, make their Di-sea-fes fiercer burn.

*Amintor*, to my grief, I see, with what neglect you look on me; How

much to Love you are inclin'd; yet slight this heart, for you design'd. So have I seen some



wretched Slave, whose Fortune should have made him crave; despite the Wealth he had, in



store, and toyl at ev'ry Mine for more.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.
Calio shall now turn Miser too;
But 'tis to lay up Love for you:
To lay up all her Tears and Sighs,
And all her Looks, with dying Eyes;
That when by some inconstant Maid,
You find your Pains, and Heart betray'd,
She may put on those pow'rful Charms,
To bring you back to her own Arms.

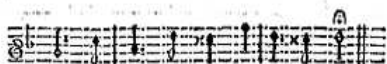
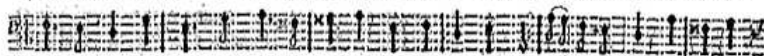
A. 2. voc. Cantata & Basses.



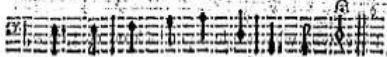
O'er fond's the World, to love a Face like mo-men-tary Joys do pass, the



Fairest Nymph with all her charms, can never force me to her Arms; only the Soul my heart can

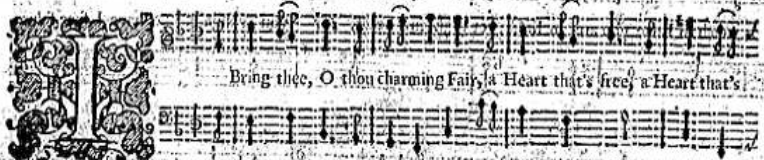
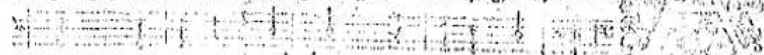


move, no Charms so firm as inward Love.



II.

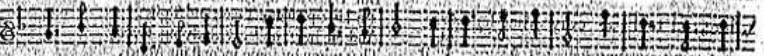
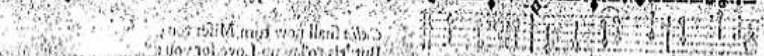
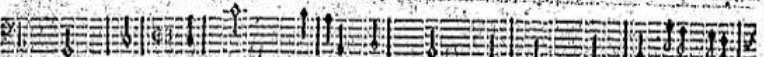
Like *Indians*, who the Sun adore,
The gayest thing e'er seen before;
So we by *Phenix* chuse the Fair;
And, by repulse, brought to despair;
We languish 'till all hope's remov'd,
And dying wish, we ne'er had lov'd.



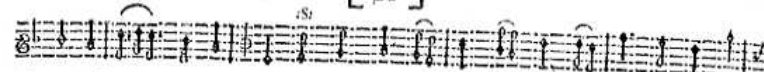
Bring thee, O thou charming Fair, a Heart that's free, a Heart that's



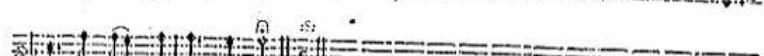
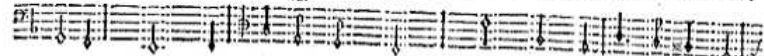
free from Care. No Martyr that's driv'n by Tortures to Heaven; But a Heart that un-



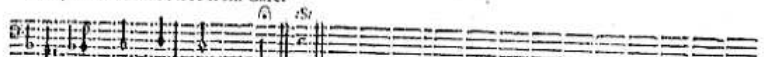
forc'dly to thy Beauty's glow, No Captive in Chains, that sighs and complains, of Woe, and



Flames, and privacy-less Pains: But I bring thee, O, thou charming Fair, a Heart that's



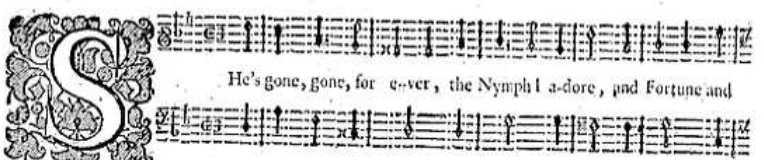
free, a Heart that's free from Care.



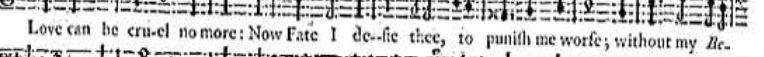
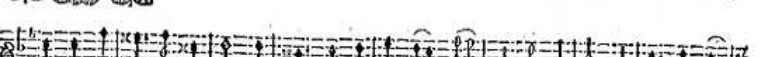
II.

Send all thy Guards of Frowns away,
I will not force, I will not force obey:
But kindness and favour, will make me deliver
My heart at thy feet, and adore thee for ever:
Thy slave will be gone when thy Beauty goes down;
But into the Sea I'll sink with thy fun;
For I bring thee, O thou charming Fair,
A heart that's free, a heart that's free from care.

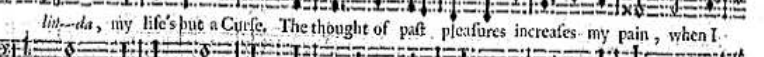
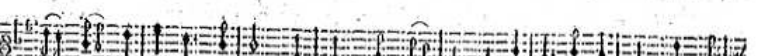
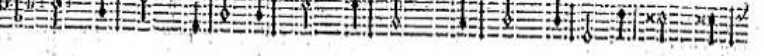
Mr. James Hart.



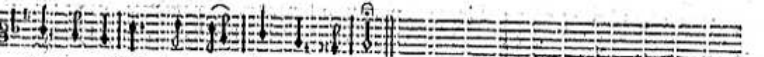
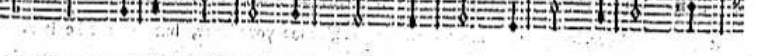
He's gone, gone, for ever, the Nymph I a-dore, and Fortune and



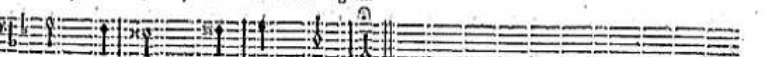
Love can be cruel no more: Now Fate I de-sire thee, to punish me worse; without my Be-



linda, my life's but a Curse. The thought of past pleasures increases my pain, when I

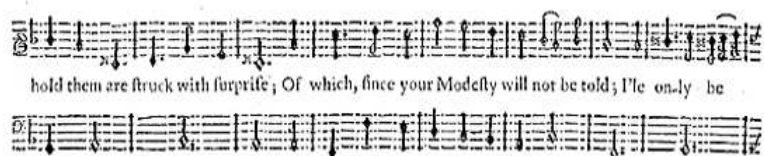
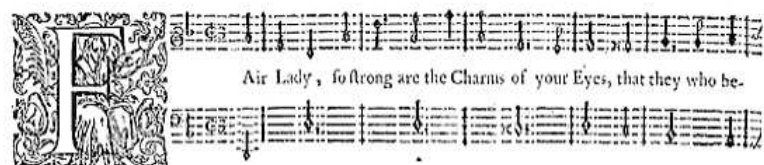


sad-ly re-flect, they will ne'er come again.

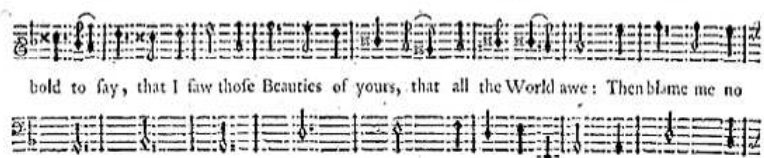




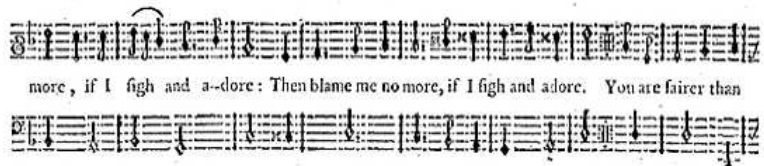
Air Lady, so strong are the Charms of your Eyes, that they who be-



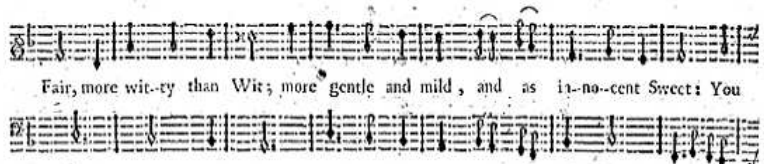
hold them are struck with surprise; Of which, since your Modesty will not be told; I'll only be



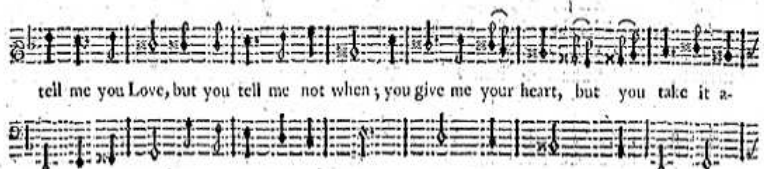
bold to say, that I saw those Beauties of yours, that all the World awe: Then blame me no



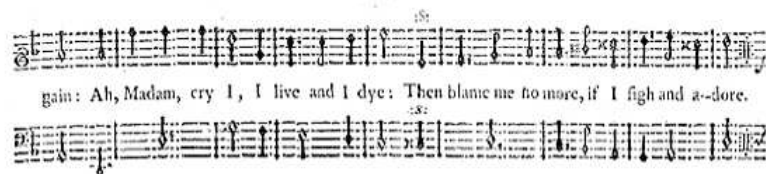
more, if I sigh and a-dore: Then blame me no more, if I sigh and adore. You are fairer than



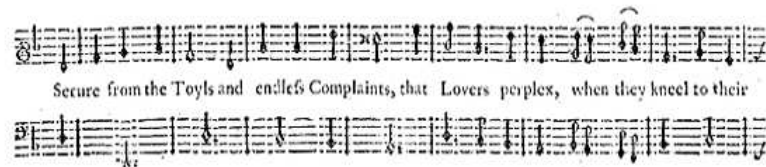
Fair, more witty than Wit; more gentle and mild, and as in-no-cent Sweet: You



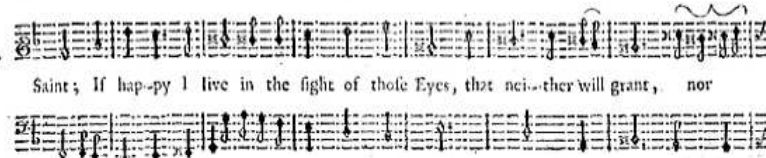
tell me you Love, but you tell me not when; you give me your heart, but you take it a-



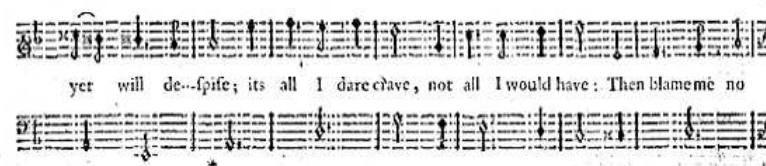
gain: Ah, Madam, cry I, I live and I dye: Then blame me no more, if I sigh and a-dore.



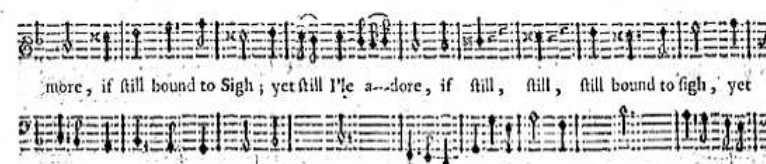
Secure from the Toys and endless Complaints, that Lovers perplex, when they kneel to their



Saint; If hap-py I live in the sight of those Eyes, that nei-ther will grant, nor



yet will de-spise; its all I dare crave, not all I would have: Then blame me no



more, if still bound to Sigh; yet still I'll a-dore, if still, still, still bound to sigh, yet



still I'll a-dore.

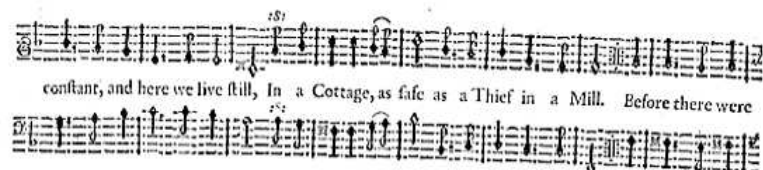
Dr. John Blow.

The SHEPHERD'S SONG.

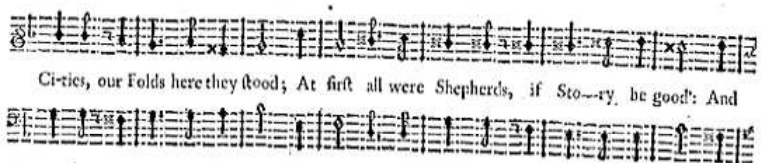
A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bass.



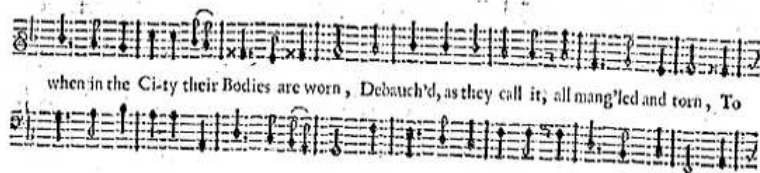
F Fading Delights, let the Town take her fill, our Pleasures are



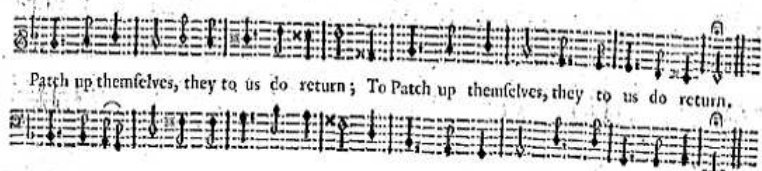
constant, and here we live still, In a Cottage, as safe as a Thief in a Mill. Before there were



Ci-ties, our Folds here they stood; At first all were Shepherds, if Sto-ry be good: And



when in the Ci-ty their Bodies are worn, Debauch'd, as they call it, all mang'led and torn, To



Patch up themselves, they to us do return; To Patch up themselves, they to us do return.

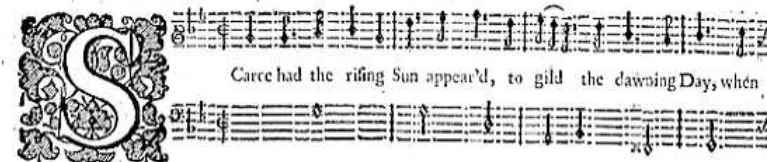
II.

Mr. James Hart;

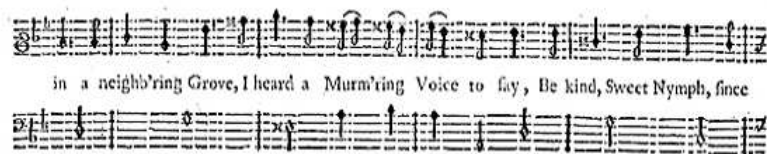
Like Princes we live, and we rule in the Field,
Our Subjects obedience do readily yield;
Nor a Sword do we want, nor a glittering Shield.
What ever we hope for, th' Enjoyment is near;
Nor are we disturb'd with the thing they call Fear;
Give me but a Shepherd's plain Mantle and Weed,
My Bottle and Bag, with a Pipe and a Reed;
No more shall I wish, no more shall I need; No more, &c.



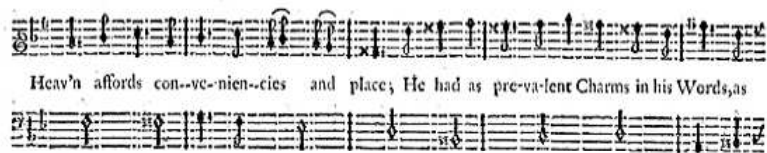
Scarce had the rising Sun appear'd, to gild the dawning Day, when



in a neighb'ring Grove, I heard a Murn'ring Voice to say, Be kind, Sweet Nymph, since

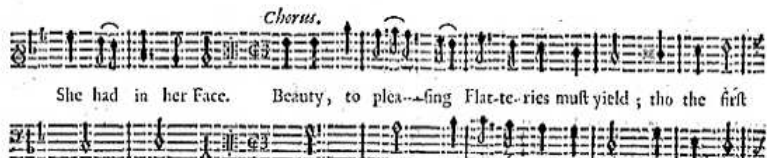


Heav'n affords con-ve-nien-cies and place; He had as pre-valent Charms in his Words, as

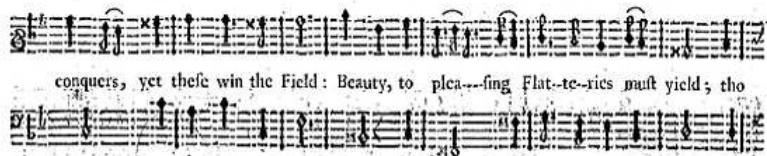


Chorus.

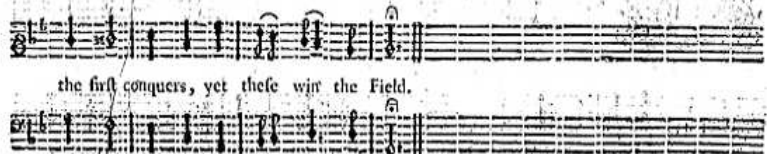
She had in her Face. Beauty, to plea-sing Flat-te-ries must yield; tho the first



conquers, yet these win the Field: Beauty, to plea-sing Flat-te-ries must yield; tho



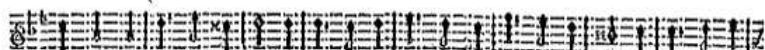
the first conquers, yet these win the Field.



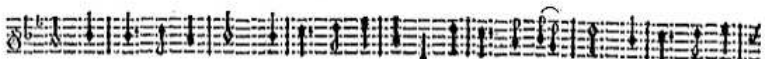
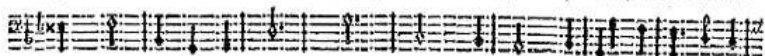
Mr. Henry Purcell,



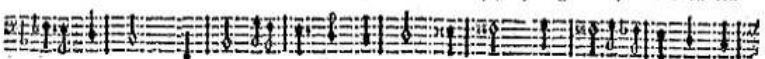
H, the Charms of a Beauty, disdainful and fair, how she blasts all my



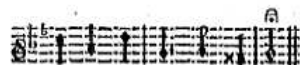
Joys, when she bids me despair; forgetting my State, when I sigh and lye down, and cast at her



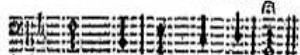
Feet both Scepter and Crown; She passes regardless, and says, A young Swain, before an old



II.



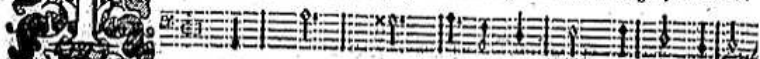
Monarch her Love should obtain.



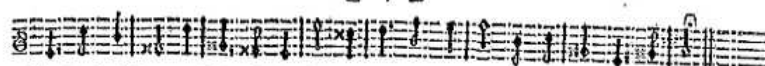
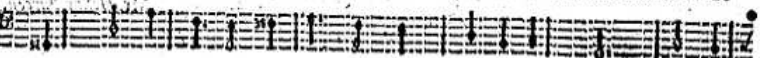
Forbear, my *Glennia*, to laugh at my Age,
Nor think me less apt than the Young, to engage;
Though the Politick States-man in care spends the Light,
He puts off his troubles, and laughs all the Night:
He wakes like a Star, ever fixt to his Sphære;
And his Mistress looks pale, when the Morning draws near.



Resolve against Cringing and Whining in a Lovers intrigue, so un-fit:



'Tis like saying Grace, with-out Dining; and be-trays more af-fec-tion than Wit: To



Kneel and Adore, to Sigh and Protest, And there to give o're, where about lies the Jest.



II.

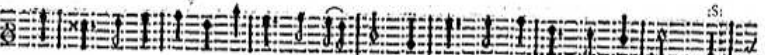
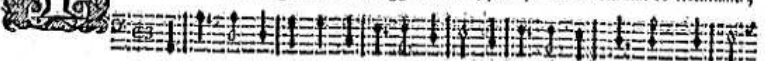
Mr. Henry Purcell.

Dearest Mistress, I prethee be wiser;
Recant your Platonick Opinion:
Whilst you hold up your Love, like a Miser,
You starve all within your dominion.
And when the dread Foe is vanquish'd by you,
Ple kiss the Boys Bow, and for ever be true.

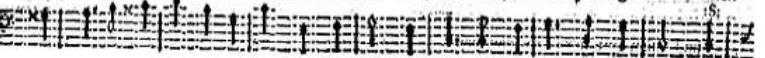
A. 2. vtr. Cantata & Basses.



Find, my *Eugenia*, I've struggl'd in vain, your powerful Charms to withstand;



My heart can its freedom no longer maintain, But yields to your conquering hand: When



Beauty and Wit, and good Humour conspire, what breast is so cold, as not to take Fire?



II.

Mr. William Turner.

Blind *Capid*, o're Mortals, triumphs in your Eyes;
From thence doth his Empire extend:
Who ever looks on you, is soon made a Prize;
His Liberty none can defend.
Love shoots not quills, secure of all hearts,
While the Brow is his Bow, the Looks are his Darts.

A. 2. 100. Cantata & Bass.



Orbear, silly Heart, you insult but in vain; though so mean of our

Sex you approve: Your Hearts are as empty and weak as your Brain, and your Rhet'rick as

poor as your Love. By your a-mo-rous Follies, we wi-fer are grown, and now to our

rigour we'll stand: Since the Heart that you claim'd, becomes freely our own, you'll

find them but hard to command.

Mr. William Turner.

II.

What Cringes and Sighs, what Raptures and Vows,
To delude a Poor Nymph you employ!
You design her a Mistress, for you fancy a Spouse
Is a Pleasure too long to enjoy.
What Flame can our faithless Opinion remove?
Or, what can a kind one create?
When at once you propose both Honour and Love,
You ruin the Name and Estate.

III.

How charming and sweet is Love, while 'tis young!
Yet if the Design does but fail
It changes her Note, from an amorous Song,
To a Tune with a Huff and a Rail.
If your Loves have no greater pow'r to invite,
We must, for your Passion, declare,
They're not worth our Return, nor your Scorn our Requite;
And so we can rest as we are.



Enslav'd all endeavours, my heart to allure; for the Boy is be-

for-ten, and sleeps now secure: Imbrac'd in the Arms of his Mother so dear; And

Vows your Im-plo-rings he ne-ver will hear. Then lie down and rest in your former

estate, or range all the Schools, to find a new Mate: For opposites sure in Love can't a-

gree, 'tis mu-tual consent, which makes Har-mo-nie.

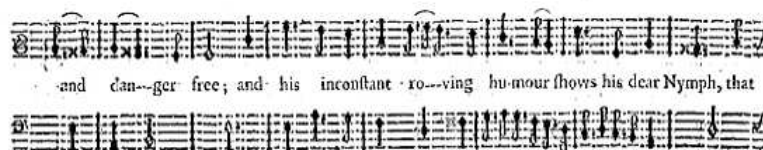
Mr. John Masi.

II.

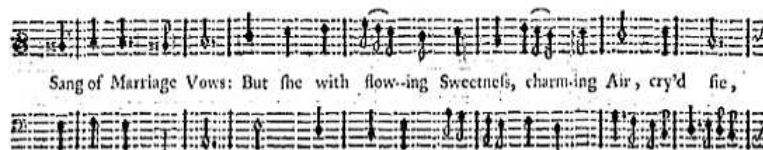
Fly, fly, foolish Shepherd, in vain you expend
Each Minute in Love, for your joys now do end:
Experience hath taught, by an amorous Swain,
To slight an old Shepherd, and love once again.
Then cease all designs, since your humours prestage
A person ignoble, your Love shall engage.



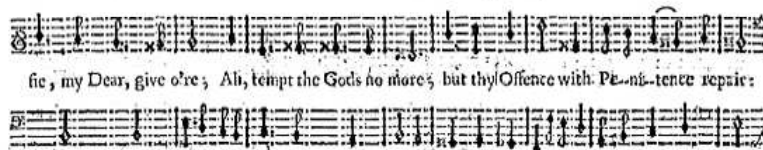
Under the Branches of a spreading Tree, Silvanus sat, from care



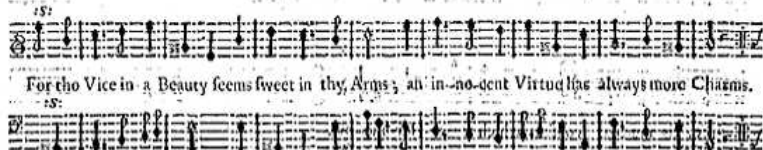
and dan--ger free; and his inconstant ro--ving hu-mour shows his dear Nymph, that



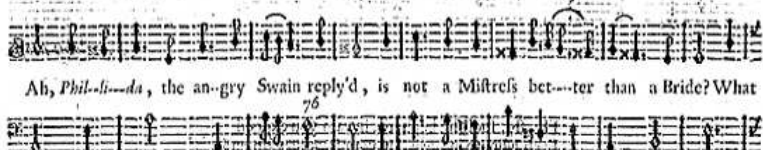
Sang of Marriage Vows: But she with flow-ing Sweetness, charm-ing Air, cry'd fie,



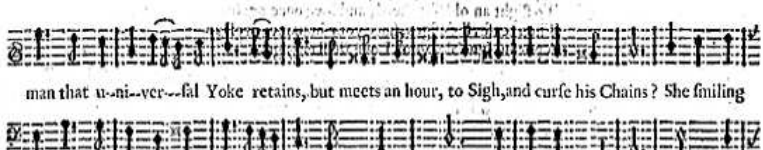
fie, my Dear, give o're; Ah, tempt the Gods no more; but thy Offence with Pen--tence re--pair:



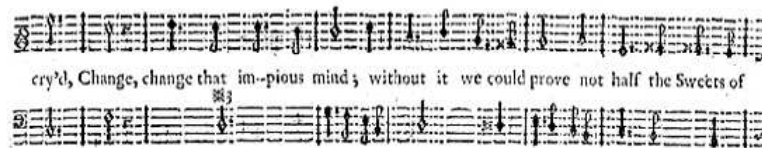
For tho' Vice in a Beauty seems sweet in thy Arms, an in--no-cent Virtue has always more Charms.



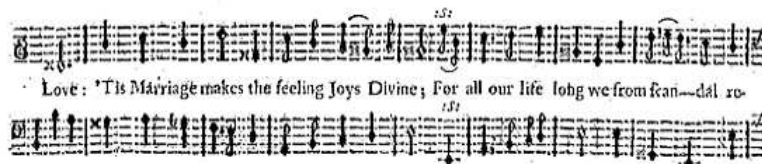
Ah, Phil--li--da, the an--gry Swain reply'd, is not a Mistress bet--ter than a Bride? What



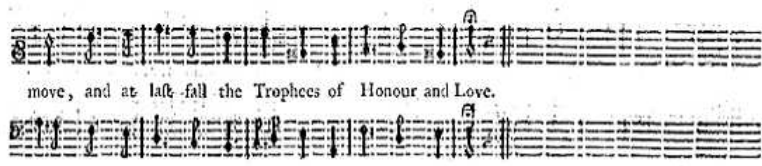
man that u--ni--ver--sal Yoke retains, but meets an hour, to Sigh, and curse his Chains? She smiling



cry'd, Change, change that im--pious mind; without it we could prove not half the Sweets of

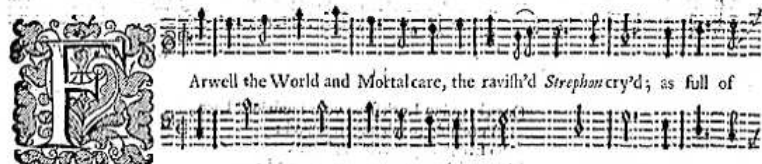


Love: 'Tis Marriage makes the feeling Joys Divine; For all our life long we from fan--dal ro--

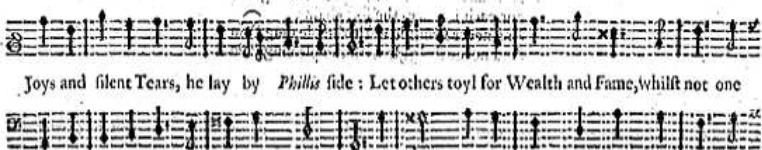


move, and at last fall the Trophies of Honour and Love.

Mr. William Turner.



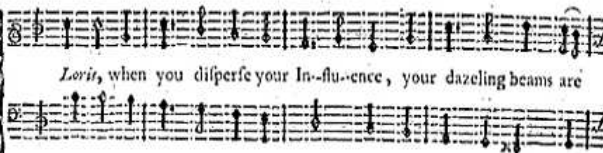
Arwell the World and Mortal care, the ravish'd Strephon cry'd; as full of



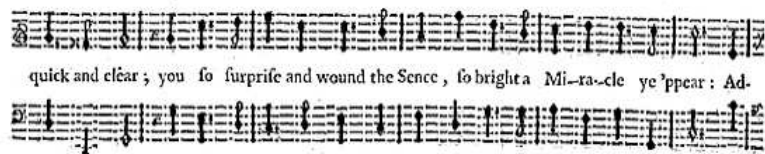
Joys and silent Tears, he lay by Phillis side: Let others toyl for Wealth and Fame, whilst not one



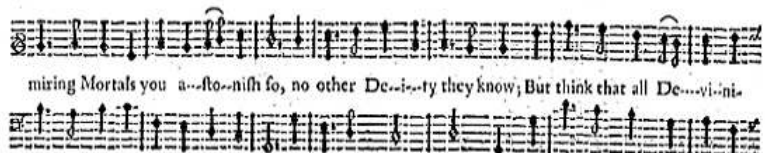
thought of mine at any o--ther Bliss shall aim, than these dear Arms of Thine.



Lov's, when you disperse your In-flu-ence, your dazeling beams are



quick and clear; you so surprize and wound the Sence, so bright a Mi-ra-cle ye 'ppear: Ad-



miring Mortals you a-sto-nish so, no other De-vi-ty they know; But think that all De-vi-ni-

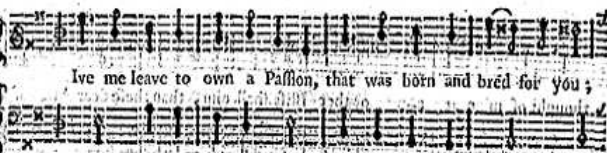


ty's be-low: But think that all Divi-ni-ty's be-low.

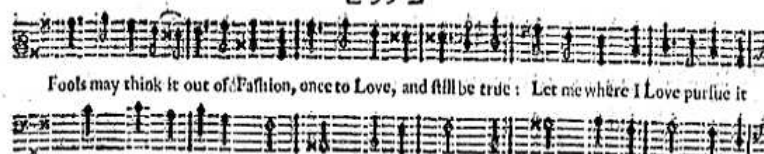
II.

Mr. William Turner.

One charming Look from your illustrious Face,
Were able to subdue Man-kind:
So sweet, so powerful a Grace,
Makes all men Lovers, but the Blind:
Nor can they freedom, by resistance gain,
For each embraces the soft chain;
And never struggle with the pleasing Pain:
And never struggle with the pleasing Pain.



Ive me leave to own a Passion, that was born and bred for you;



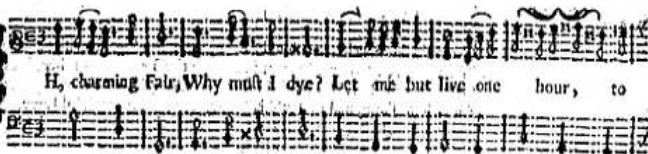
Fools may think it out of Fashion, once to Love, and still be true: Let me where I Love pursue it



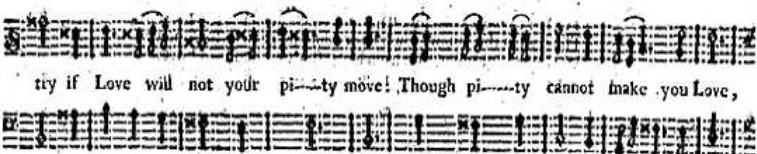
though in scorn you persevere; Time, nor Fate shall ne're undo it, nor Divorce me from your Ear.

II.

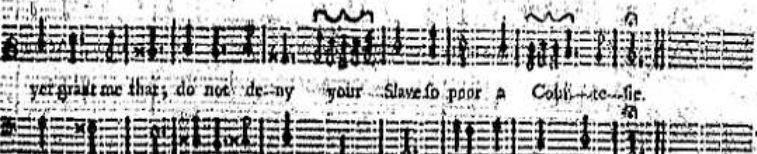
All the Force of your denial; cannot make me raise the Siege;
Constancy shall be my trial, though my hopes you disoblige:
All my days of Youth and Vigour, shall at Loves great service be;
And in spite of all your Rigour, Love you to Eternitie.



H, charming Fair, Why must I dye? Let me but live one hour, to



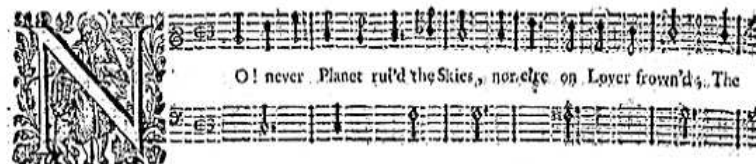
try if Love will not your pi-ety move! Though pi-ety cannot make you Love,



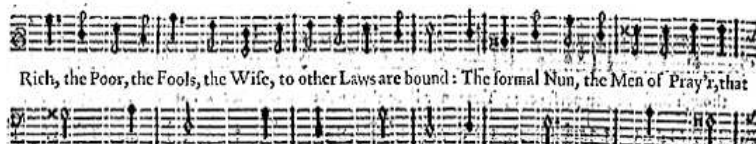
yet grant me that, do not de-ny your Slave so poor a Copi-ate-sie.

II.

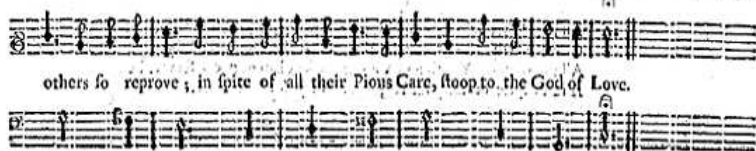
Before you kill me, I'll impart
To you, a Wounded, Wretched Heart;
For my sake, lodge it in your Breast,
From Care and Sorrow let it rest:
And when your Hour-Glass is run;
Then meet me at Elizium.



O! never Planet rul'd the Skies, nor eke on Loyer frown'd; The



Rich, the Poor, the Fools, the Wife, to other Laws are bound: The formal Nun, the Men of Pray'r, that



others so reprove; in spite of all their Pious Care, stoop to the God of Love.

Mr. Alph. Marfb.

II.

Crown'd Monarchs, to a lovely Face, their Scepters Sacrifice;
Their Captive Conquests crowd to grace the Triumphs of her Eyes;
Great Jove dissolv'd himself in show'rs, fair Diana's Fires to prove;
And silent Time, makes slow his Hours, to wait on pow'ful Love.

III.

Yet I 'gainst Fate and Beauties harms a safe exemption found;
Till fair Corinna's dazling Charms; my tender Heart did wound;
Thus, what the potent Thunderer could ne're to softness move;
Was by a Lightning, shot from her, that melted into Love.

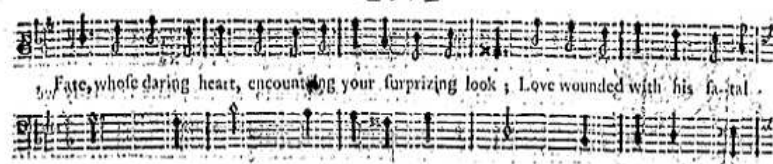


Some brave Man, unmov'd doth stand, when any threatening Action

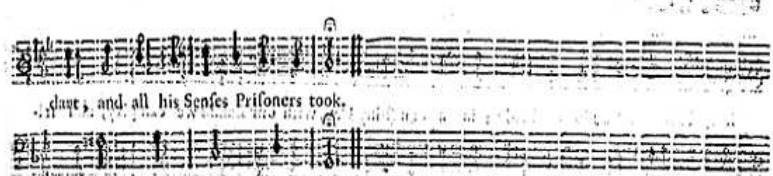


calls, and frightens death with his bold hand; still over-pow'rd with Foes he falls: such was his

II.



Fate, whose daring heart, encountering your surprizing look; Love wounded with his fa-tal

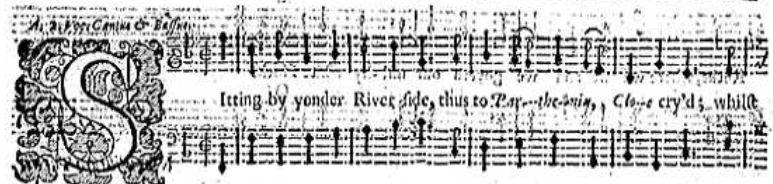


dart, and all his Senses Prisoners took.

II.

So does some treacherous Deface, our Blood, and all our parts invade;
And then on life, it self doth seize, with fires, kept in Ambuscade;
Yet, since from your mighty Eyes, his yielding Breast receiv'd its wound;
He hopes, where so much pity lies, there is some mercy to be found.

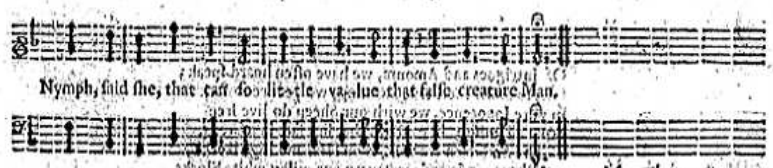
But if 'unpity'd, he should fall by you;
Those Sighs shall haunt your Ears, when last he cry'd;
Aminda, Aminda, your Lover was true;
Aminda, Aminda; 'twas for you he dy'd.



Sitting by yonder River side, thus to Part-the-sing, Close cry'd; while



from the fair Nymphs Eyes a pace, a no-ther stream o're flow'd her beauteous Face: Ah! happy

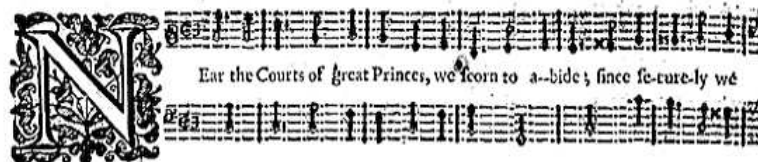


Nymph, said she, that fast doth sit, like a false creature Man,

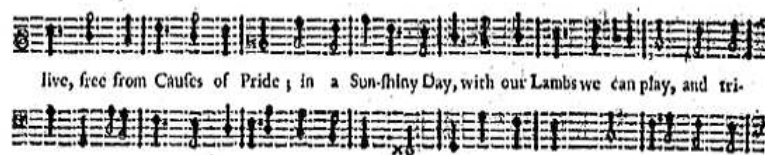
Mr. Thomas Farmer.

Oft the perfidious things, would cry;
They Love, they Bleed, they Burn, they Dye;
Yet, if, they're absent half a Day,
Nay, let them be but one poor Hour away;
No more they Dye, no more Complain;
But like unconstant Wretches, Live again.

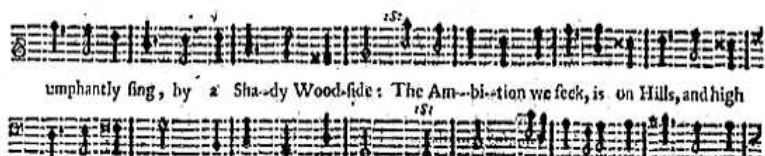
K 2



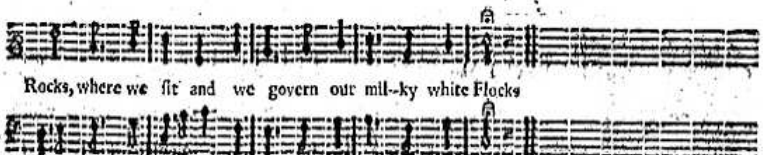
near the Courts of Great Princes, we learn to abide; since securely we



live, free from Causes of Pride; in a Sun-shiny Day, with our Lambs we can play, and tri-



umphantly sing, by a Sha-dy Wood-side: The Am-bi-tion we seek, is on Hills, and high



Rocks, where we sit and we govern our mil-ky white Flocks

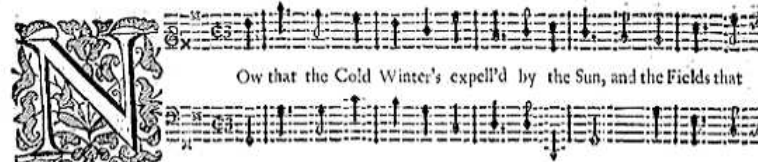
Mr. William Turner.

II.

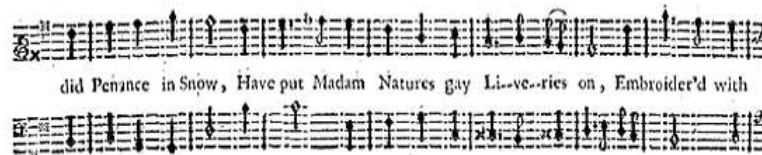
What some may call Beauty, we do often display,
To be Kiss'd by the Sun, in a Scorching Hot Day:
We do think it a Sin, a new Conquest to win,
By endeavouring to cherish what soon flies away.
The Ambition we seek, is on Hills, and high Rocks,
Where we sit and we govern our milky white Flocks.

III.

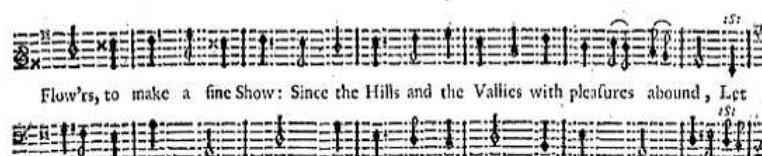
Of Intrigues and Amours, we have often heard speak;
But to know their true meaning, we yet need seek:
In pure Innocence, we with our Sheep do live free
From all noise; like a Bark that lies safe in a Crag.
The Ambition we seek, is on Hills, and high Rocks,
Where we sit and we govern our milky white Flocks.



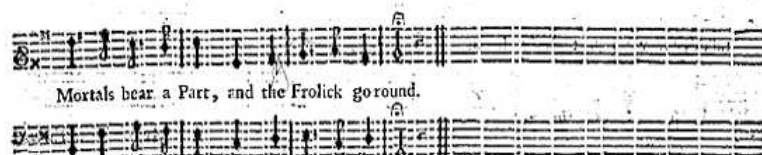
Now that the Cold Winter's expell'd by the Sun, and the Fields that



did Penance in Snow, Have put Madam Nature's gay Li-ve-ries on, Embroider'd with



Flow'rs, to make a fine Show: Since the Hills and the Vallies with pleasures abound, Let



Mortals bear a Part, and the Frolick go round.

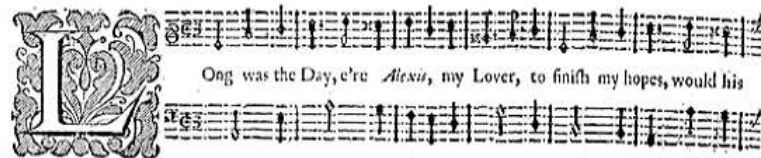
Mr. William Turner.

II.

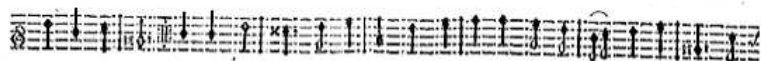
Hark, hark! how the Birds in sweet Confort conspire;
The Lark and the Nightingale join;
And in every Grove, there's an amorous Quire,
While nothing but Mirth is their harmless desire:
Since the Hills and the Vallies with pleasures abound;
Let Mortals bear a Part, and the Frolick go round.

III.

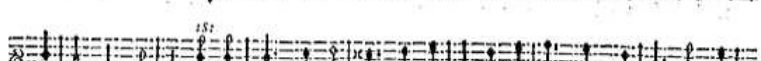
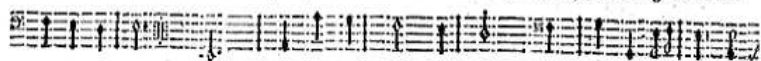
He thinks the God Part, whose Subjects we are;
Sits and smiles on a Flow'ry Throne;
He accepts our kind Offerings every Year,
Our May-pole, his Scepter, our Garland, his Crown;
Since the Hills and the Vallies with pleasures abound;
Let Mortals bear a Part, and the Frolick go round.



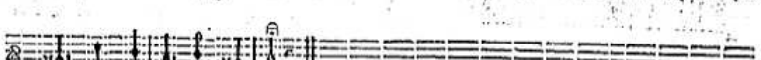
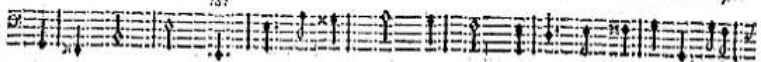
Long was the Day, ere *Alexis*, my Lover, to finish my hopes, would his



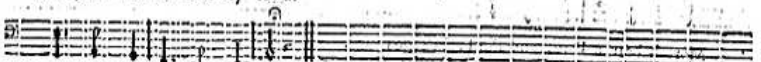
Passion reveal: He could not speak, nor I could not dis-co-ver, what my poor aking Heart was



so loath to conceal; 'Till the Strength of his Passion, his fear had remov'd; then we mu-tual-ly



talk'd, and we mu-tual-ly lov'd.

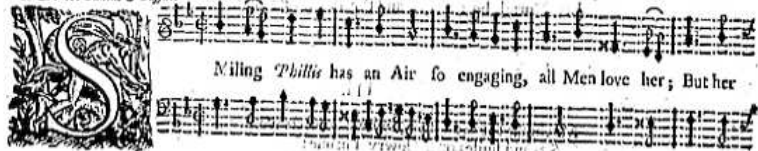


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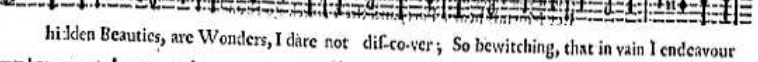
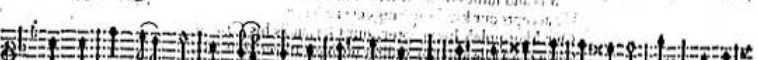
Mr. William Turner.

Groves for *Umbrellæ's*, did kindly o're-shade us
From *Phæbus* hot rages, who like Envy, had strove,
Had not kind Fate, this provision made us,
All the Nymphs of the Air would have envy'd our Love:
But we stand below Envy, that ill-natur'd Fate;
And above cruel Scorn, is our happy estate.

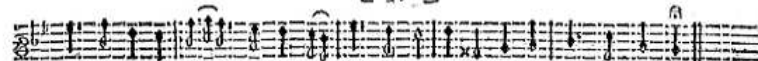
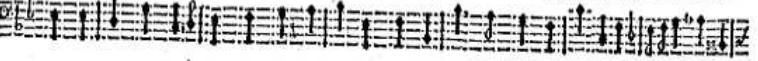
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bass.



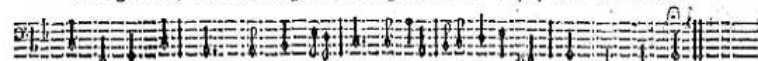
Nilling *Phyllis* has an Air so engaging, all Men love her; But her



hidden Beauties, are Wonders, I dare not dis-co-ver; So bewitching, that in vain I endeavour



to forget her; Still she brings me back again, and I day-ly love her bet-ter.



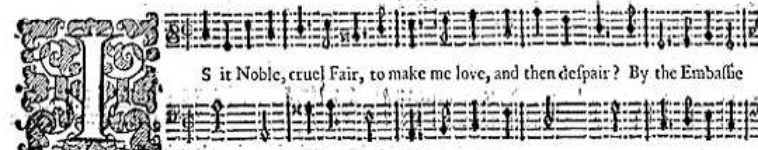
Mr. Thomas Farmer.

II.

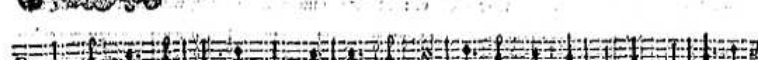
Kindness springs within her Eyes, and from thence is always flowing;
Ev'ry Minute does surprize with fresh Beauties still a Blowing.
Were she but as true as fair, never Man had such a Treasure;
But I dye with jealous Care, in the midst of all my Pleasure.

III.

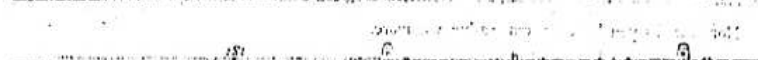
Free and easie, without Pride, is her Language, and her Fashion;
Setting gentle Love aside, she's untov'd with any Passion.
When she says, I have her heart, though I ought not to believe her,
She so kindly plays her part, I could be deceiv'd forever.



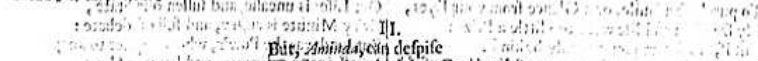
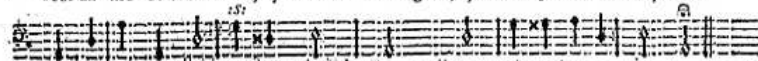
Is it Noble, cruel Fair, to make me love, and then despair? By the Embassee



of your Eyes, you made me hope those kind supplies that maintain a Lovers Flame, 'till my



Soul all fire became: Thus, by this sweet flatt'ring art, you took possession of my heart.

But, *Zahndayan* despise

The Slave in which her Captive dyes

And with disdainful looks displays

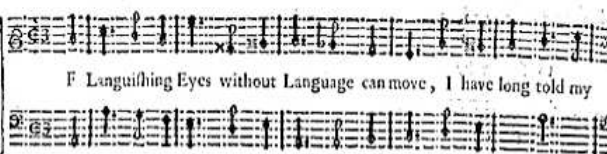
Those joys she promis'd by her Eyes

Of her softness and my pain, you said

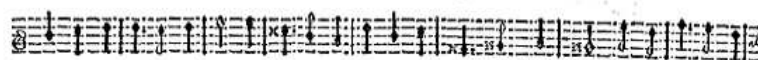
She for his sake to complaine, I saw

How severe's my wretched fate,

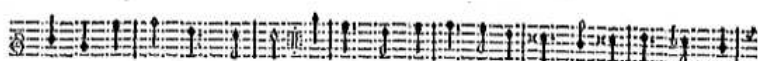
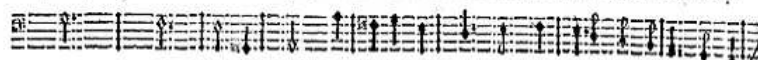
That I must love, though she's ingrate.



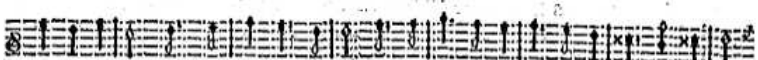
F Languishing Eyes without Language can move, I have long told my



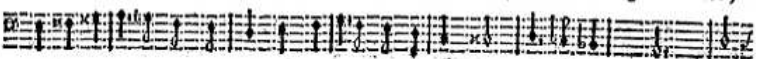
Phillis, I dye for her Love: Ah! pity that Passion which words cannot speak: Could I tell what I



suffer, my Heart would not break. I plead no desert to the Beauty I serve; For 'tis



nobler to give, what there's none can deserve: In the Croud of my Rivals, who sigh and adore,



None me-rits you less, or can va-lue you more.



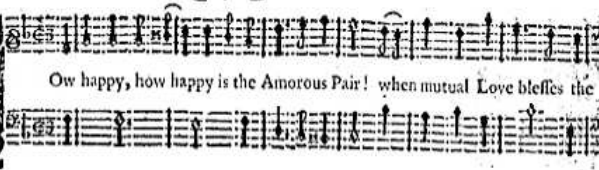
Mr. William Turner.

II.

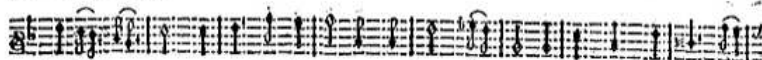
To purchase a Smile, or a Glance from your Eyes,
My freedom and life were too little a Prize:
But if, to desert you can only be kind,
Like Heav'n, to your self, you must then be confin'd;
All joys are decreed us, and 'tis nature's doom,
That what e're we possess, from another should come.
Then, Phillis, what pleasure with me may you prove;
Nor can I want merit, who have so much Love.

III.

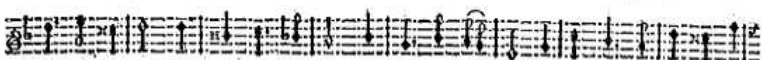
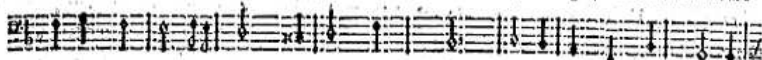
Our Life is uneasy, and sullen our State,
Ev'ry Minute is angry, and full of debate:
But kind was the Pow'r, who our quiet to keep,
Sent Love to relieve us, and lay us a sleep.
In Oceans of Care, though against Tide we Sail,
Yet our Love from behind us supplies a fresh Gale:
The Passage is pleasant, but, ah, 'tis too short;
Let us live while we may, we must part at the Port.



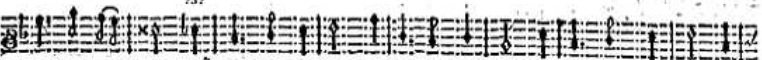
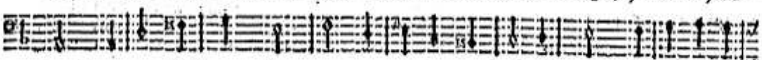
Ow happy, how happy is the Amorous Pair! when mutual Love blesses the



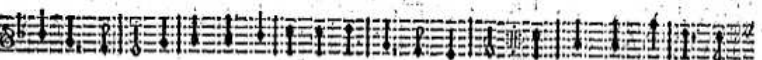
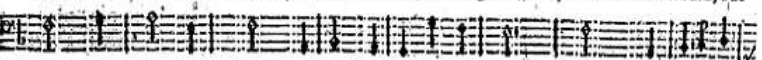
Heart of the Fair; When Eyes upon Eyes for whole Hours are fixt, and Sighs, Tears and Smiles are



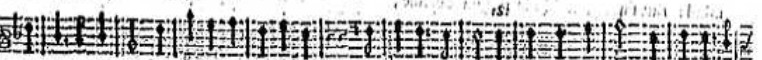
Joyfully mixt: When Vows follow Vows, with Oath up-on Oath, both eager, yet modest; and



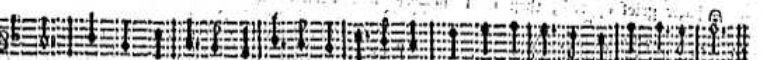
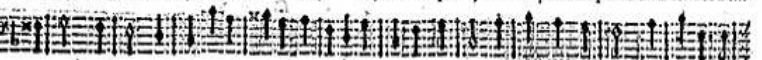
willing, tho loath: Loves Feast is prepar'd, their Ap-pe-tite's great, they Taste and sate would, but



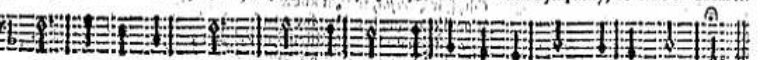
yet dare not Eat, because they are waiting for Grace before Meat. Then wish they for Joys, which



must only be guest, and by me shall be never, oh, never express; Then Cupid true peace and concord in-



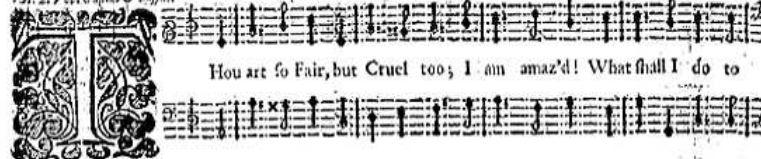
parts; There's no such Sympathy, Sympathy, Sympathy, there's no such Sympathy, as that of Hearts.



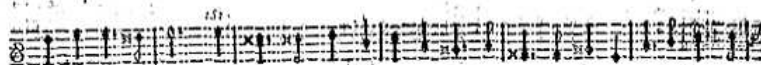
M

Mr. John Moss.

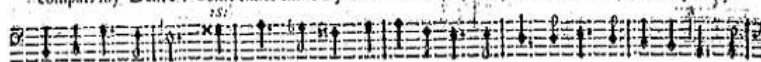
A. 2. For Captn & Basson.



Hou art so Fair, but Cruel too; I am amaz'd! What shall I do to

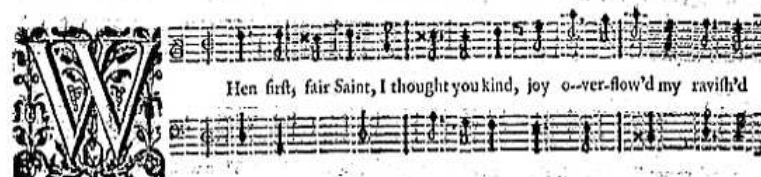


compels my Desire? Some times thine Eyes do me invite; But, when I venture, kill me quite, yet

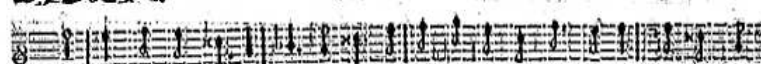


<p>II.</p> <p>Oft have I try'd my Love to quell, And thought its fury to repel; Since I no hopes do find: But, when I think of leaving thee, My Heart as much doth torture me, As 'twould rejoice, if kind.</p>	<p>III.</p> <p>I still must Love, though hardly us'd, And never offer'd, but refus'd; Could any suffer more! Be Coy, be Cruel, do thy worst, If, for thy sake, I were accus'd, I must, and will adore.</p>
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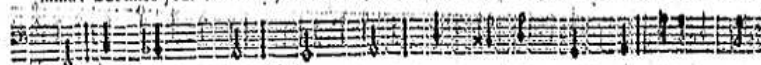
Mr. James Cobb.



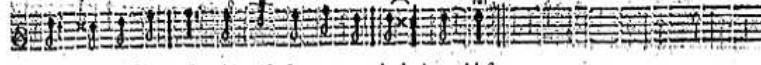
Hen first, fair Saint, I thought you kind, joy o-ver-flow'd my ravish'd



mind: But since your kindness you decline, and I can ne-ver part with mine; I am with

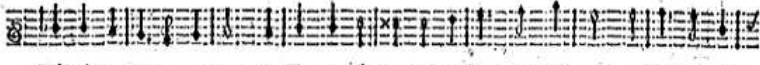


juster grief oppress'd, than if I ne-ver had been blest.

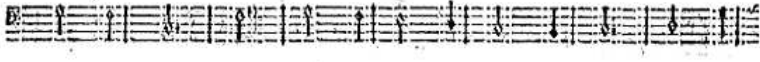


Mr. James Cobb.

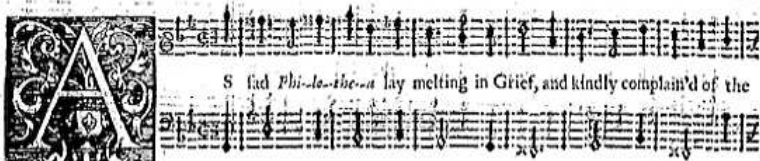
Oh, fair *Orestis*, if you knew
The Torments I endure for you,
My passionate Hopes, dispelling Frights,
Uneasie Days, and waking Nights;
Your Rigour, or your Love will free
My Heart from you, or you from me.

Dieu, my *Cor-de-lia*, my Dearest a-dieu; no Passion, though

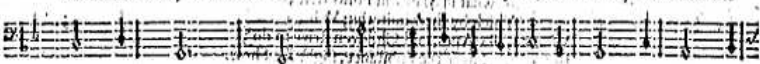
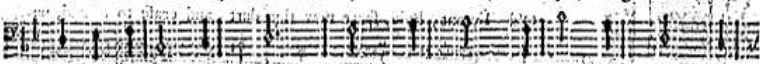
sighted, was ever more true: No Torment so-ve-rer than this, you could prove, enjoying his



<p>II.</p> <p>absent, that's charm'd by your Love. Sulld'd by your Charms, you inflame my desire, Till a Spark from your Eyes, my whole heart set on fire: Oh cruelty shown, No offence, but Love, known; Exil'd and Out-law'd, by a hard Heart of Stone.</p>	<p>Mr. James Cobb.</p>
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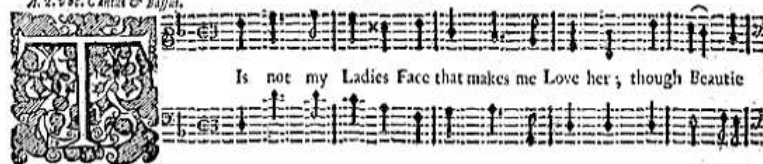
Said *Phi-la-be-a* lay melting in Grief, and kindly complain'd of the

Amorous Thief; She aloud to the Woods did her passion impart, but faintly lamented the

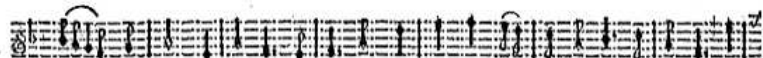
loss of her heart: Ah, cruel unkind, *Do-ri-la-mis*, she cry'd; bring back the forc'd

<p>II.</p> <p>The Youth, as from Courting <i>Affra</i>, he came; Had the Pleasure of hearing her sigh out his Name; And softly he stole; till so nigh her he drew, That his Arms, on a sudden, about her he threw: Then take back thy heart, <i>Philotha</i>, he cry'd, Since your own you have suffer'd to wander aside.</p>	<p>M 2</p>
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A. 2. V. 82. CANTATA & Basses.



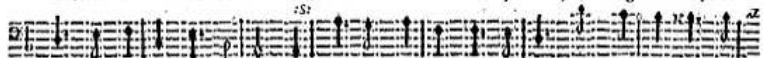
Is not my Ladies Face that makes me Love her; though Beautie



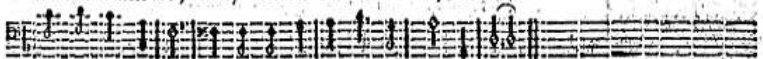
there doth rest, enough to enflame the Breast, of one that ne-ver did dis-co-ver, the



Glories of a Face before. But I that have seen ma-n-y more, see nought in her, but



what in others are; on-ly because I think she's Fair, she's Fair.



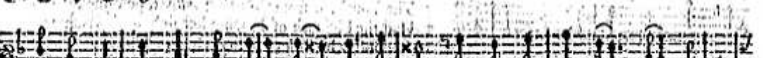
Dr: John Blow.

II.

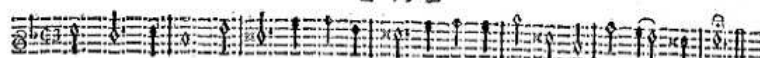
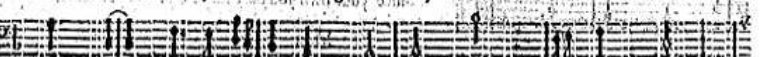
'Tis not her Vertues, nor those vast Perfections,
Which croud together in her;
Engage my heart to win her;
For those are only brief Collections,
Of what in Man's in Folio writ;
Which by their imitating Wit,
Womans, like Apes, and Children strive to do;
But we, that have the Substance, slight the Show.



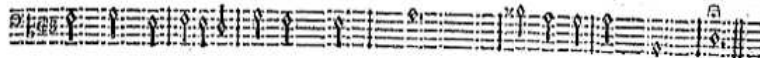
Old Tyrant, hold, spare now thy dart, and cease to wound, un-



less her heart thou strike, for whom I sigh and burn; 'tis worse than death to bear her scorn.



Then Charmer shoot, let's both par-ti-ci-pate in mutual Love, or end my wretched state.



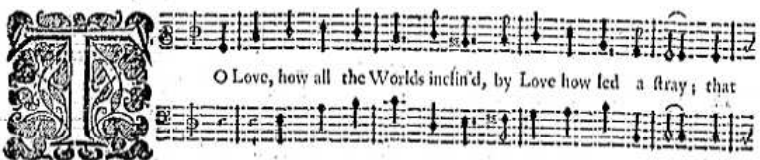
Mr. John Mops.

II.

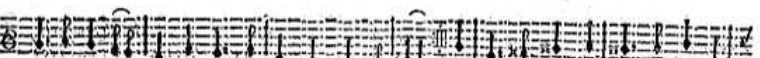
When first my heart receiv'd its wound,
I prostrate fell, and on the Ground,
With humble suit I did implore;
But still her heart was hard'ned more.
Then Charmer Shoot, let's both participate
In mutual Love, or end my wretched state.

III.

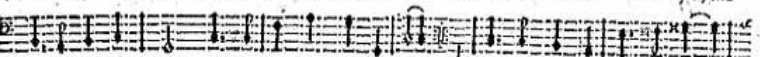
I'll string my Lute, and then I'll try
To crown her scorn in Harmony;
If, in that Flood, I cannot find
Her to Amphis, to grow kind;
I'll banish Love, and scorn the Lovers Fate,
With all those Fair ones, that are so ingrate.



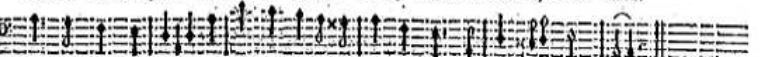
O Love, how all the Worlds inclin'd, by Love how led a stray; that



tho the God himself be blind, we dare not dis-o-bey. Laws for our Hearts to be betray'd, the



God of Passion gave, that such a Sot of Fan-cy made, and Reason, such a Slave.



II.

Mr. William Turner.

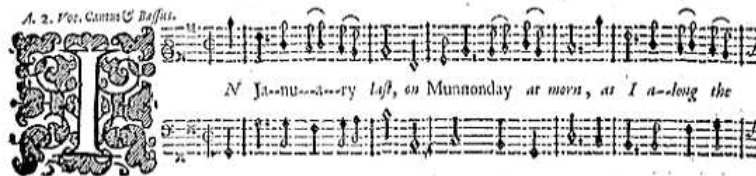
Where resolution is forgot to struggle with the Flame,
It does the Judgement quite besot; and make the Reason tame:
For when our blind desires have sped, and to ill Fate were given,
This will at last be poorly said, it was decreed in Heav'n.

III.

Thrice happy he, who Conquering Love has seiz'd his very Soul,
And in that Agony can prove, his power to controul;
That Mortal, did I once but know, I'de more than Love admire;
That could as easily forego, as entertain the Fire.

A SCOTCH SONG, in the Fond Husband.

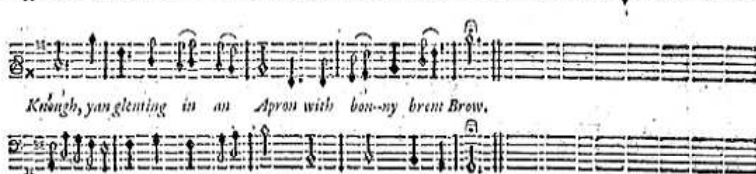
A. 2. For Cantos & Basses.



N Ja--nu--a--ry left, on Munnonday at morn, as I a--long the



Fields did pass to view the Winters Corn; I leaped me be--hind, and I saw com--e o're the



Knave, yon gleaming in an Apron with bon-my brow.

II.

III.

I bid good-morrow, fair Maid, and the right court-cousin,
 Beg low and sue, kind Sir, she said, good day agen to ye.
 I heard o' her, fair Maid, quo I, how far intend you now?
 Quo she, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bowy brough.

Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to ha' sk' compa'nie,
 For I am gangin' out the Gate that ya intend to be:
 When we had walkt a Mile or twa, I said to her, my Dow,
 May I not dight your Apron fine, kiss your bonny brow.

IV.

V.

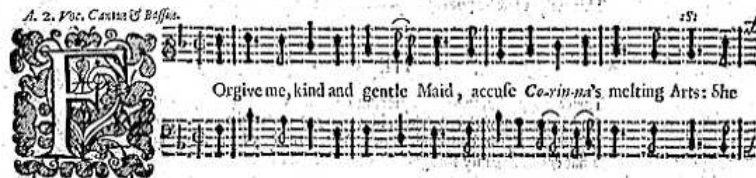
Neat, and sir, you are far misse'en, for I am near o' those;
 I hope ya ha' more brieding than to dight a woman's cloth.
 For I've a better chosen than any sick as you,
 Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kiss ma' bonny brow.

Nay, if ya are contrall'd, I have na' mar to say,
 Rather than be reje'll'd, I will give o're the play:
 And I will chose you o' me own that shall not on me rew,
 Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kiss her bonny brow.

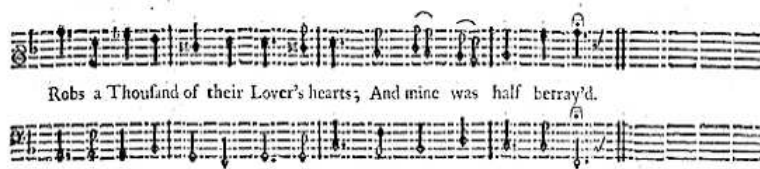
VI.

Sir, I see ya are proud-hearted, and leath to be said nay,
 Ton need not tall ha' started, for sight that I did say:
 Ten times we'll see for modestie, ne at the first time boo;
 But, gif we like your company, we are as kind a you.

A. 2. For Cantos & Basses.



Orgive me, kind and gentle Maid, accus'e Co--rin-na's melting Arts: She



Robs a Thousand of their Lover's hearts; And mine was half berray'd.

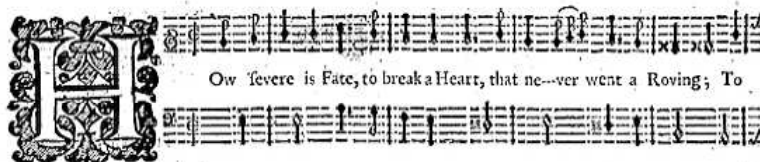
Mr. Francis Forcer.

II.

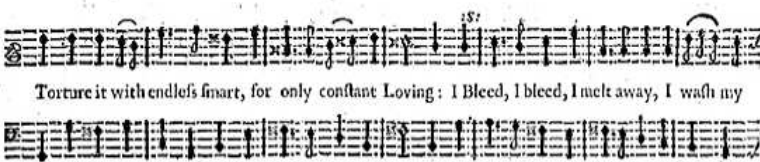
III.

Corinna can old Faith remove,
 The Faith of Saints, she is so fair:
 Make aged Hermits think no more of Pray'r;
 And Dying, dream of Love.

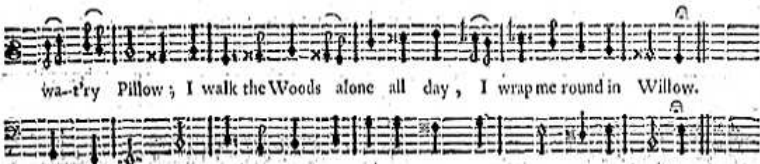
But if new Beauties I pursue,
 May I be bold, and your fair Sex
 With Letters, Songs, and tedious Love perplex;
 And find all Chast, like you.



Ow severe is Fate, to break a Heart, that ne--ver went a Roving; To



Torture it with endless smart, for only constant Loving: I Bleed, I bleed, I melt away, I wash my

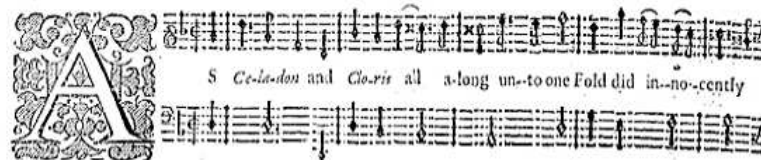


wa--try Pillow; I walk the Woods alone all day, I wrap me round in Willow.

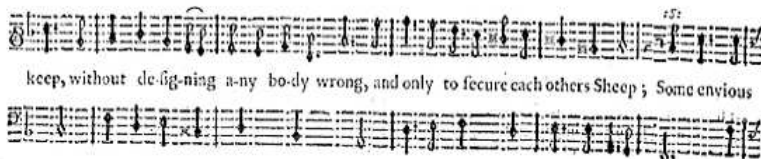
Mr. Staggins.

II.

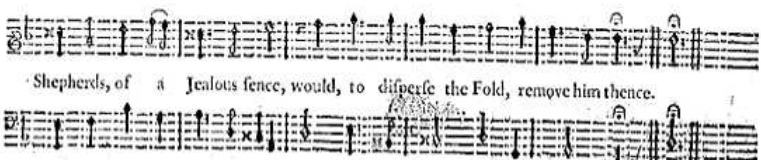
Some Pity then, fair Saint, I crave, to raise my drooping spirit,
 That Languishes even to its Grave, and fain your Love would merit:
 It Pants, it Sighs, it Pines away, and never can recover;
 Till Clovis pleasantly does say, Arise my Constant Lover!



S Ce-laden and Clo-ris all a-long un-to one Fold did in-no-cently



keep, without de-sig-ning a-ny bo-dy wrong, and only to se-cure each others Sheep; Some envious



Shepherds, of a Jealous fence, would, to dis-perse the Fold, remove him thence.

Dr. John Blow.

II.

You may delight to break all Fences down,
And lay all common, that is in your way;
To live on rapine, rather than your own,
The constant practice of who goes astray:
Thus, with all past'ral laws though you dispence,
Still their inclosure is their Innocence.

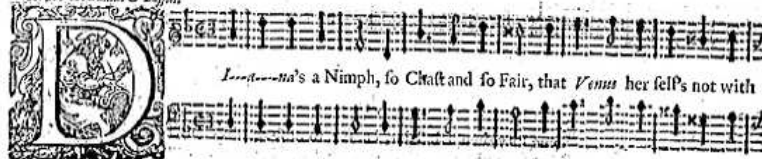
III.

If Friendship be a Fault, then the whole Frame
Of all Societie a Pieces fall;
And we must all turn Salvage, as we came
Ev'n from our very first Original;
And to the Wolf and you will think no sin
To prey together, when so near of kin.

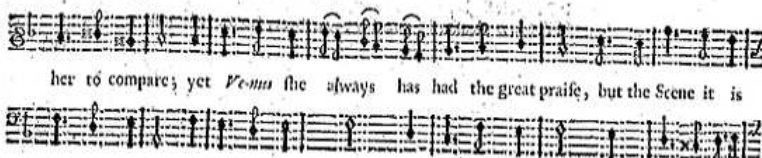
IV.

All malice and your jealousies apart,
Why may they not the rather joyn their Storks;
And much more strictly too unite at heart,
The more some labour to divide their Flocks:
And to both glory more in that defeat,
Than if you all conspir'd to make them great.

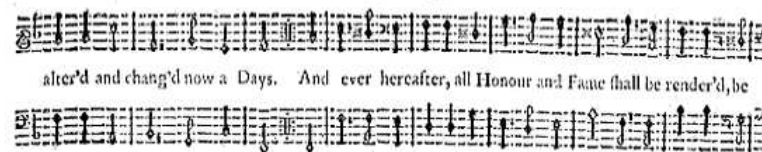
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses.



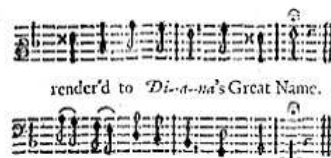
Loo-sen'd a's a Nymph, so Chast and so Fair, that Venus her self's not with



her to compare; yet Venus she always has had the great praise, but the Scene it is



alter'd and chang'd now a Days. And ever hereafter, all Honour and Fame shall be render'd, be

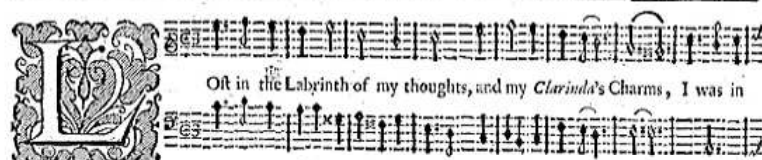


render'd to Di-a-na's Great Name.

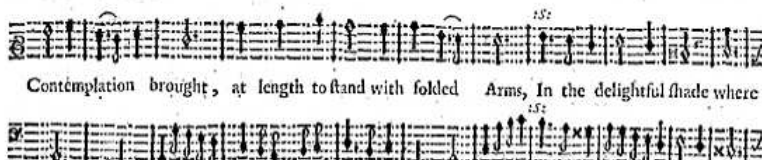
Mr. William Turner.

II.

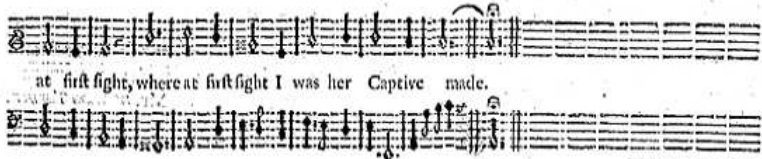
For Diana in Nature is modest and free,
There's none so delightful, so happy as thee;
In goodness, excelling the rest of her sex,
And they knowing that, their minds do perplex:
Yet ever hereafter all Honour and Fame
Shall be render'd, be render'd to great Diana's Name



Of in the Labrith of my thoughts, and my Clarinda's Charms, I was in



Contemplation brought, at length to stand with folded Arms, In the delightful shade where



at first sight, where at first sight I was her Captive made.

Mr. James Hart.

II.

As she sat leaning on her Arms,
Her Eyes were downward thrown;
As if she rather meant to warm,
Than burn the Heart she'd made her own:
Thus glorious Victors chuse
To save their Slaves, to save their Slaves;
Left they their Triumphs loose.

III.

With gentle Smiles she fed my Heart,
And seem'd to bid me live;
And to increase my pleasing smart,
Some times a Sigh or two would give;
Yet so, as if she meant,
Rather to check, rather to check,
Than give encouragement.

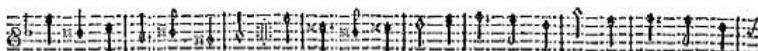
IV.

Thus am I in confusion tost,
Twixt hoping and despair;
Now in a Fear that all is lost,
But hope her Heart may yet repair
The harm that's done b' her Eyes:
Or let them quite, or let them quite
Consume their Sacrifice?

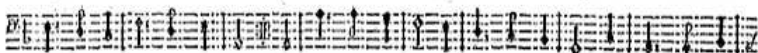
A. 2. Voc. Cantor & Bass.



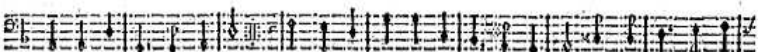
Have Languish'd too long for one, who I find hath a kindness for



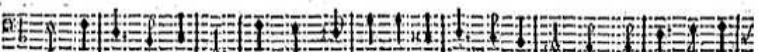
me, as the rest of Mankind: This sort of false Love, I cannot endure, that mine should be



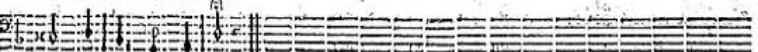
fixed, and hers so unsure. Therefore I've nothing to ease my sad heart, but the Pleasure to



think how others may smart; Therefore I've nothing to ease my sad heart, but the Pleasure to



think how others may smart.

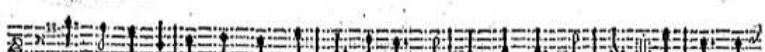
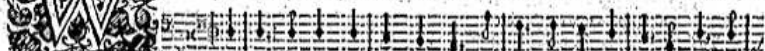


Mr. William Turner.

A. 2. Voc. Cantor & Bass.



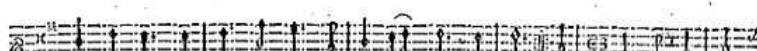
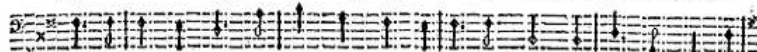
Hy does the foolish World mistake, and Loves dull Praises sing so loud? What



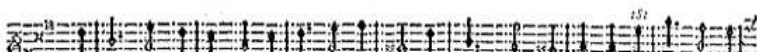
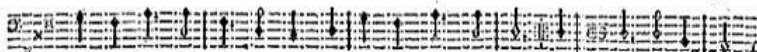
idle Subjects must they make, who choose a Blind and Childish Boy their God? What dearer



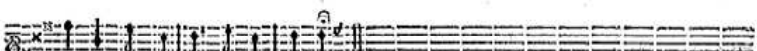
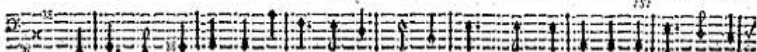
Joys our freedom brings, whilst the Wing'd Quire on ev'ry Bough, charm'd with our Bliss in



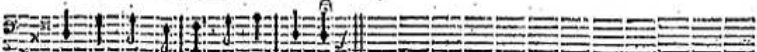
Comfort Sings, and Night and Day our harmless Pleasures view. 'Tis Shame and the Night



Loves Follies does co-ver, and on-ly the Batt and Screech Owl, that hover about the dark



Windows of a drowsie dull Lover.

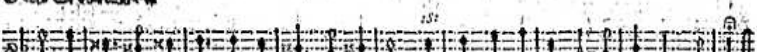
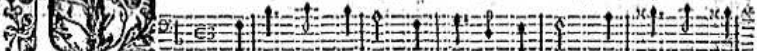


Mr. William Turner.

A. 2. Voc. Cantor & Bass.



Et's Love and lets Laugh, let's Dance and let's Sing, while shrill Echoes



ring; Our Wishes agree; and from Care we are free; Then who is so happy, so happy as we?



Mr. John Banister.

II.

We'll press the soft Grass,
Each Swain with his Lads,
And follow the Chase;
When weary we be;
We sleep under a Tree;
Then who is so happy, &c.

III.

By Flattery or Fraud
No Shepherds betray'd,
Or Cheats the fond Maid;
No false subtle Kneec
To deceive us we see;
Then who is so happy, &c.

IV.

We envy no Pow'r,
They cannot be poor
That wish for no more;
Some richer may be;
And of higher degree;
But none are so happy, &c.



*U*pid once, when wea-ry grown with Womens Errants, laid him

down on a refreshing Rosie Bed; The same sweet covert harbour'd a Bee; And as she always

had a Quarrel to Loves idle Trade, sings the soft Boy; Pains and strong fears straight

melts him into Crys and Tears: As Wings and Feet would let each other, home he hastens to his

Mother; There on her Knees he hangs his Head, and crys, Oh, Mother! I am dead: An

ug-ly Creature, call'd a Bee; Oh, see, I swell! has Murther'd me. *Venus* with smiles re-

ply'd, Oh, Sir! Does a Bee's Sting make all this stir? Think what pains attend those

Darts wherewith thou still art wounded heart: E'n let it smart, perchance that then, thou't

learn more pi-ty towards men.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.



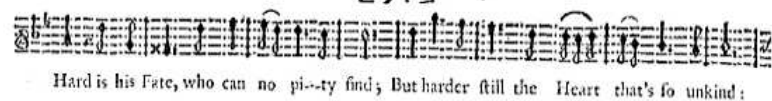
*U*re, Nymph, O cure your bleeding Victim Crys! This cruel shaft flew from

your piercing Eyes, which have the Nature of *A-chil-les* Darts; They Cure as well as Kill

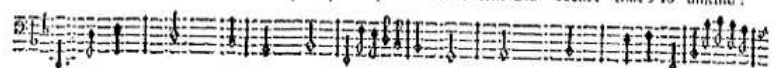
a wounded Heart; they Cure as well as Kill a wound-ed Heart. But if you

grea-ter Glory have to Kill, than Cure the Wounds you made; Frown on me still;

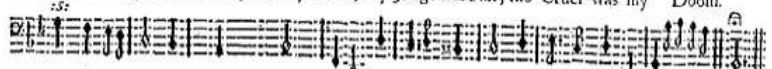
I chuse the Martyr of your Love to dye, than live the Object of your Cru-el-ty;



Hard is his Fate, who can no pi-ty find; But harder still the Heart that's so unkind:



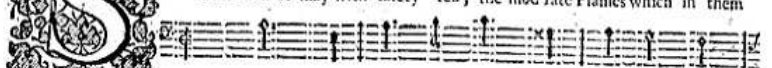
Yet e're I dye, I'll write up-on my Tomb, My Judge was Fair, tho' Cruel was my Doom.



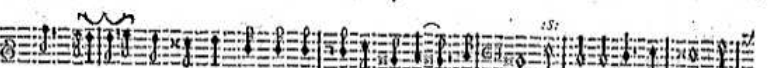
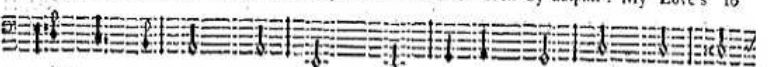
Mr. James Hart.



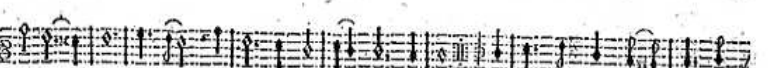
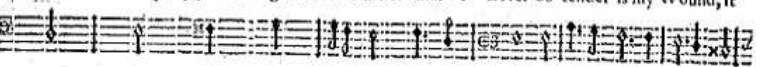
Some others may with safety tell, the mod'rate Flames which in them



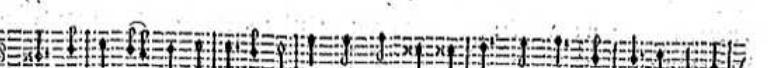
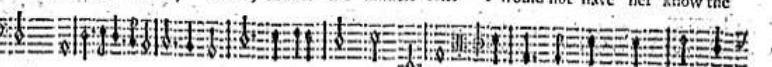
dwell, and either find a Med'cine there, or cure themselves even by despair: My Love's to



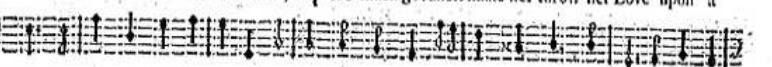
great, that it may prove dangerous to tell her that I Love. So tender is my Wound, it



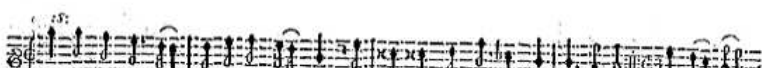
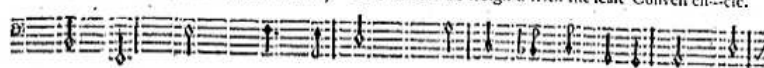
cannot bear a--ny Salute, tho' of the kindest Air. I would not have her know the



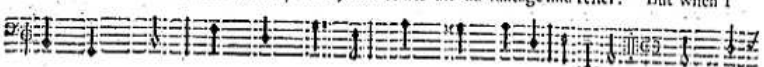
Pain, the Torments for her I sustain; lest too much goodness make her throw her Love upon a



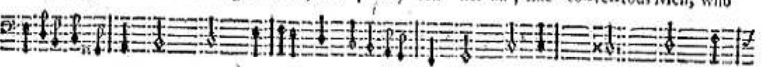
Fate below: Forbid it Heav'n! my Life should be weigh'd with the least Conven'en-cie.



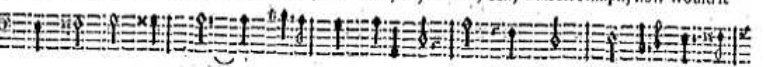
No, let me Perish rather with my Grief, than to her dis-ad-vantage find relief: But when I



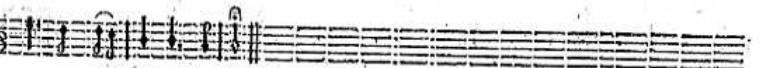
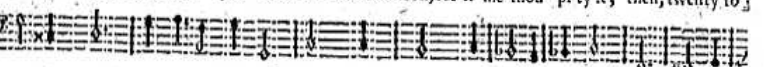
dye, my last Breath shall grow bold, and plainly tell her all; like co-ve-tous Men, who



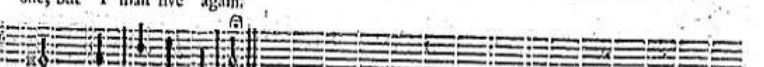
ne're desir'd their dear hid Treasure, till they dye: Ah, Ah, Fairest Nymph, how would it



cheer my Ghost, to get from you a Tear: But take heed, for if me thou pi-ty't, then, twenty to]



one, but I shall live again:

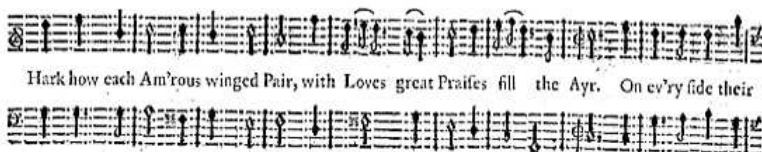


Mr. James Hart.

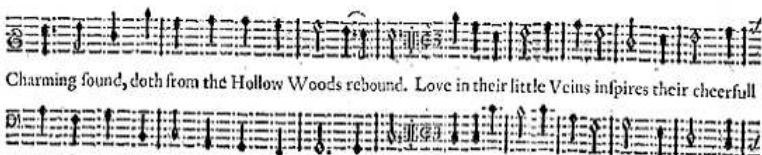
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses



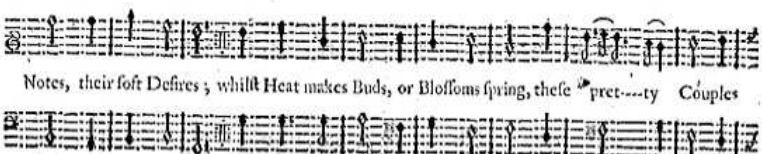
Hark, how the Songsters of the Grove, sing Anthems to the God of Love:



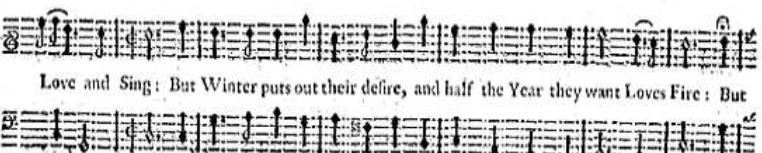
Hark how each Am'rous winged Pair, with Loves great Praises fill the Ayr. On ev'ry side their



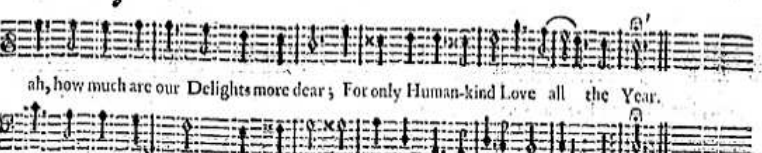
Charming sound, doth from the Hollow Woods rebound. Love in their little Veins inspires their cheerfull



Notes, their soft Desires; whilst Heat makes Buds, or Blossoms spring, these prett'ny Couples



Love and Sing: But Winter puts out their desire, and half the Year they want Loves Fire: But



ah, how much are our Delights more dear; For only Human-kind Love all the Year.

Mr. Grabue.

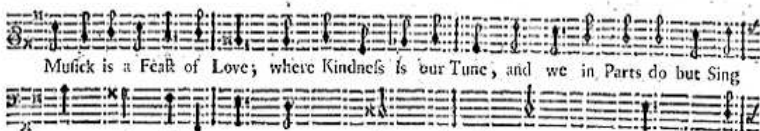


A SONG Sing at a MUSICK Feast.

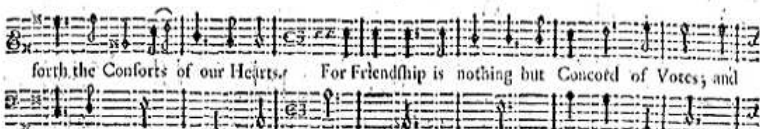
Vocals alone.



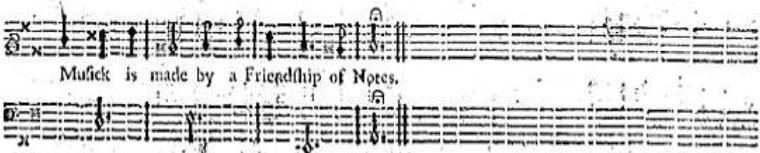
Ow well doth this Har-mo-n'ous Meeting prove, a Feast of



Musick is a Feast of Love; where Kindness is our Tune, and we in Parts do but Sing



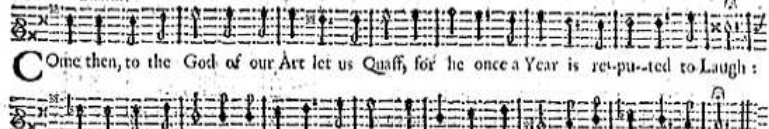
forth the Conforts of our Hearts. For Friendship is nothing but Concord of Votes; and



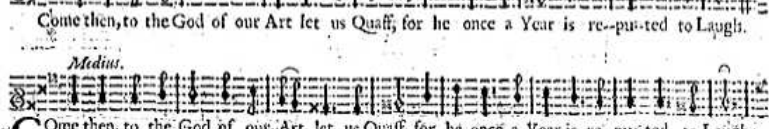
Musick is made by a Friendship of Notes.

CHORUS for Three Voices.

Cantus.

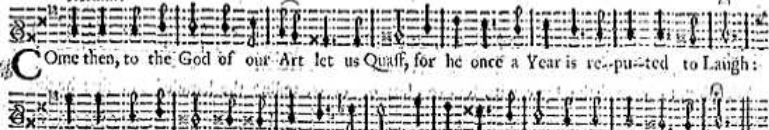


Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh:



Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh.

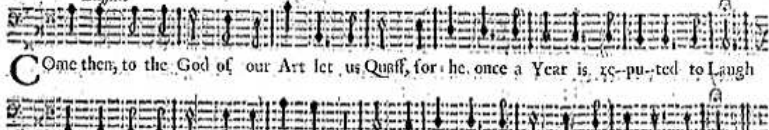
Medius.



Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh:

Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh.

Bassus.

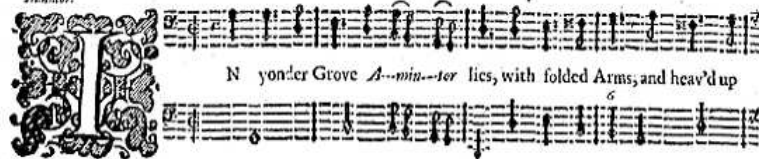


Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh

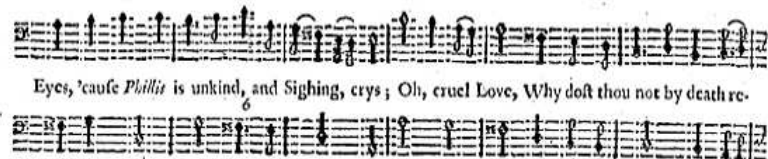
Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh.

Mr. Pelham Humphrys.

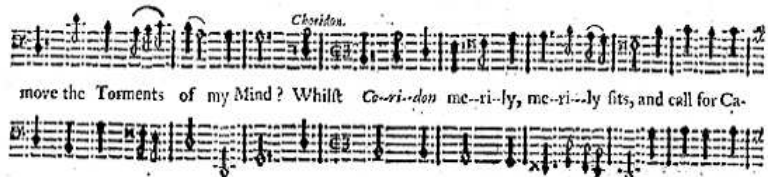
Amintor.



N yonder Grove A-min-ter lies, with folded Arms; and heav'd up

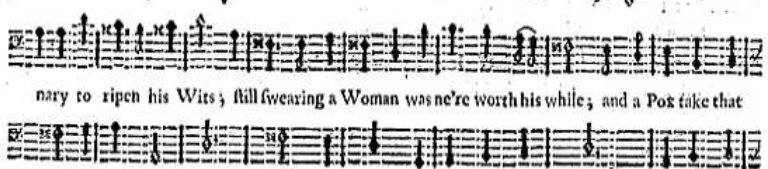


Eyes, 'cause Phillis is unkind, and Sighing, crys; Oh, cruel Love, Why dost thou not by death re-

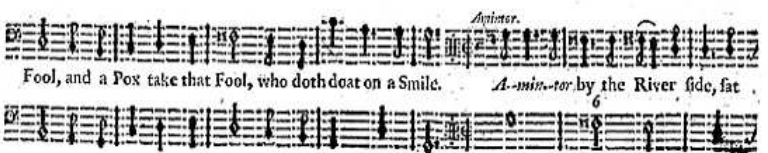


Chordon.

move the Torments of my Mind? Whilst Co-ri-don me-ri-ly, me-ri-ly sits, and call for Ca-

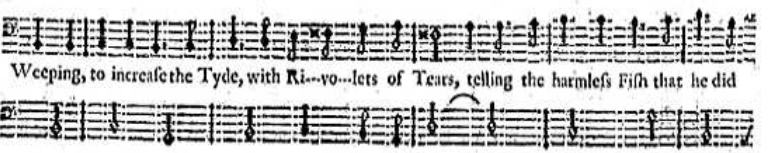


nary to ripen his Wits; still swearing a Woman was ne're worth his while; and a Fox take that



Amintor.

Fool, and a Fox take that Fool, who doth doat on a Smile. A-min-ter by the River side, sat

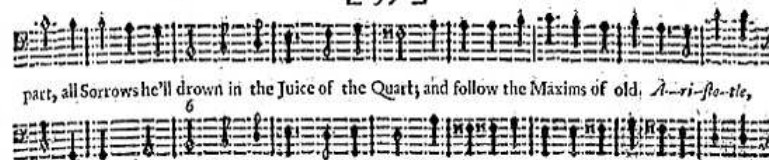


Weeping, to increase the Tyde, with Ri-vo-lets of Tears, telling the harmless Fish that he did



Coridon.

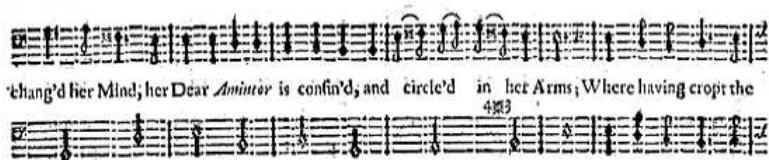
envy their Fe-li-ci-ty, 'cause freed from Loving Fears. But Coridon Laughing, declares, for his



part, all Sorrows he'll drown in the Juice of the Quart; and follow the Maxims of old, A-ri-fo-rie,



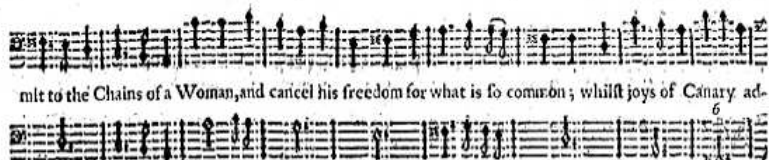
in Courting the Pint, in Courting the Pint, and Adoring the Bottle. Fair Phillis having



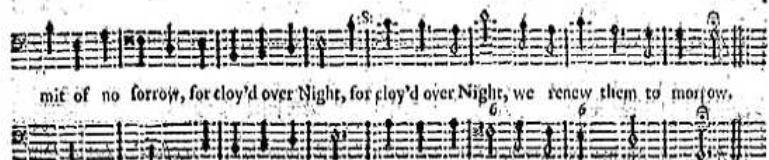
'chang'd her Mind; her Dear Amintor is confin'd, and circle'd in her Arms; Where having cropt the



Sweets of Love; alas, his Joys his Burthen prove, and lost are all those Charms. Then who would sub-



mit to the Chains of a Woman, and cancel his freedom for what is so common; whilst joys of Canary ad-



mit of no sorrow, for cloy'd over Night, for cloy'd over Night, we renew them to morrow.

Mr. Benjamin Wallington.



A Pastoral SONG, by two Nymphs and a Shepherd.

First Nymph.

MAke haste my Shepherd, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay; and

oh, how very short's a Lovers day? Hast, hast, *Ad-mi-ta* to the Gröve; beneath whose shades to

Soft: I've fat, ^f and heard my dear lov'd Swain repeat how much the Gal-la-te-a Lov'd? while

all the h'ning Birds a-round Sang to the Musick of the Blessed-Sound.

CHORUS for Three Voices.

M Take haste Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lover's Day?

M *Ake hast Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lover's Day?*

M *Ake hast Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lover's Day?*

How dull each Field and Grove appears, when thou with-draw'st thy Eyes; ours lose themselves in

fi-ent Tears, and all the Springs decays and dyes; So if the God of Day declines, each

lit-tle Flow'r hangs down his gaudy head, loſing that Beauty which it did retain, no longer

will its fragrant Leaves be spread, but pines it self into a Bud again: The cooling streams do

backwards glide, since on their banks they saw not thee, losing the Order of their Tyde, and

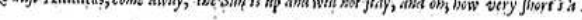
in soft murmurs, chide thy Cru-el-ty.

CHORUS for Three Voices.

CHORUS for Three Voices.

M *My best Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day!*

M *Ake haſt Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not ſtay, and oh, how very ſhort's a Lovers Day?*

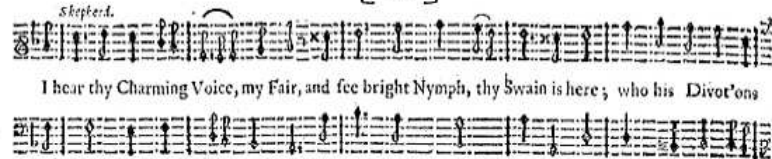


M *Ake haſt Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not ſtay, and oh, how very ſhort's a Lovers Day?*

R

Turn over.

Shepherd.



I hear thy Charming Voice, my Fair, and see bright Nymph, thy Swain is here; who his Divot'ons



had much early'r paid, but that a Lamb of thine was stray'd; and I the little wanderer have



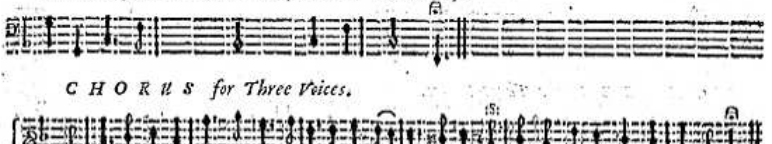
brought, that with one angry look from thy fair Eyes, thou may'st the pretty Fugative Chastife; too



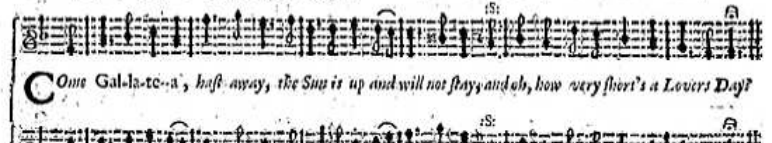
great a Punishment for any Fault. Come Gal-la-te-a hast away, the Sun is up and



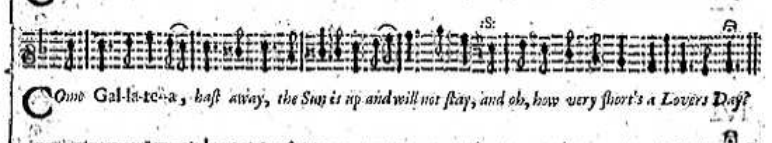
will not stay; And oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?



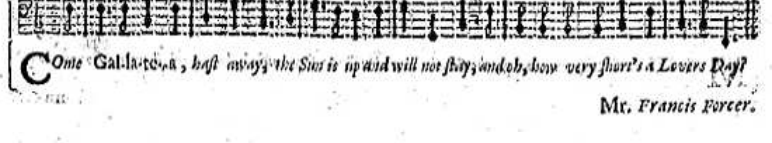
CHORUS for Three Voices.



Come Gal-la-te-a, hast away, the Sun is up and will not stay; and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?



Come Gal-la-te-a, hast away, the Sun is up and will not stay; and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

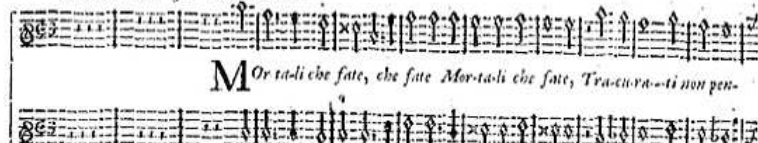


Come Gal-la-te-a, hast away, the Sun is up and will not stay; and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

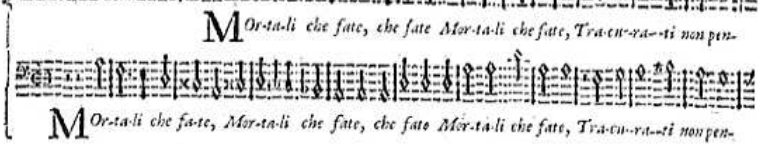
Mr. Francis Forcer.

An ITALIAN AYRE.

CHORUS for Three Voices.



Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate Mor-ta-li che fate, Tra-en-ra-ti non pen-



Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate Mor-ta-li che fate, Tra-en-ra-ti non pen-



fa-te al-le-gio-ri non pen-sa-te Tra-en-ra-ti non pen-sa-te al-le-go-ri,



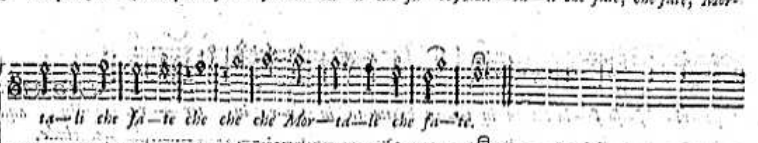
fa-te al-le-gio-ri non pen-sa-te Tra-en-ra-ti non pen-sa-te al-le-go-ri,



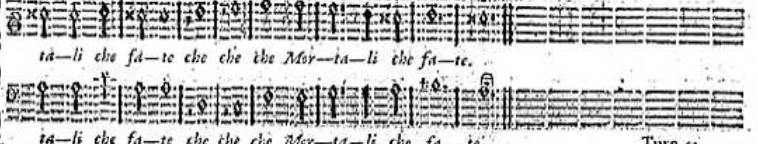
non pen-sa-te, non pen-sa-te, Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate, Mor-



non pen-sa-te, non pen-sa-te, Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate, Mor-



ta-li che fa-te che che che Mor-ta-li che fa-te,



ta-li che fa-te che che che Mor-ta-li che fa-te,

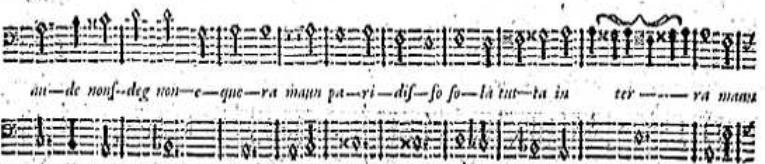
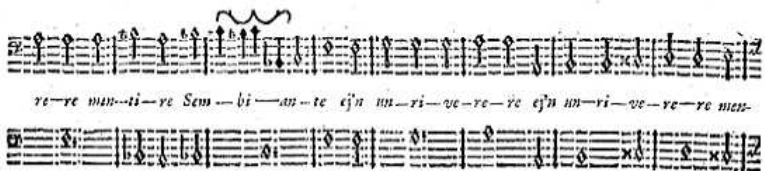


ta-li che fa-te che che che Mor-ta-li che fa-te.

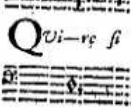
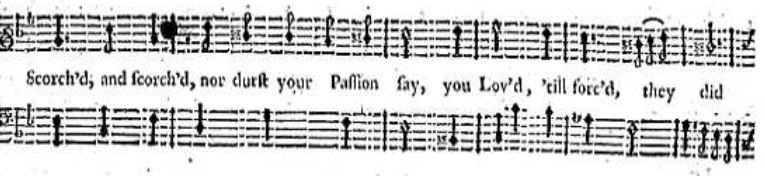
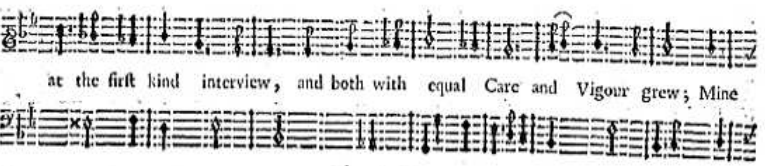
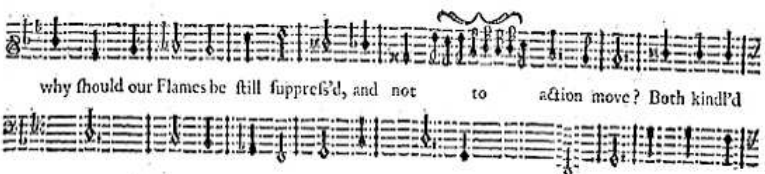
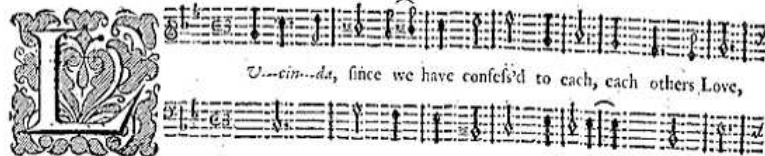
Tutti

R 2

Verse for a Bass alone.



Second Verse.

CHORUS
again, for
three Voices.CHORUS
again, and
conclude.

Mr. William Gregory.

II.

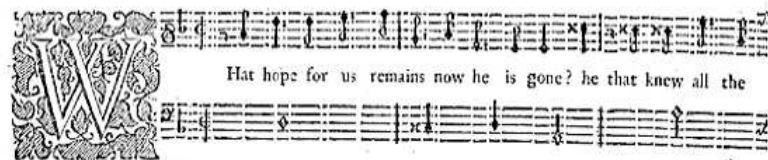
Now let us study to improve our Passions with that Fire,
That may not quickly waite our Love, but still preserve desire;
And silently enjoy at such a Rate,
That distance may our Fancies recreate:
Dealing our Love with that equalitie,
As Born together, so their Deaths may be.

III.

Lucinda shall but whisper'd be, us'd as the Name of Saints;
And call'd on as a Deitie, to satisfy Complaints;
Nor other wishes dare attempt my Breast,
Since 'tis with kind Lucinda so posselt:
She fills my thoughts with Glory, then I'll cry,
Lucinda, Loves; Lucinda, so do I.

S

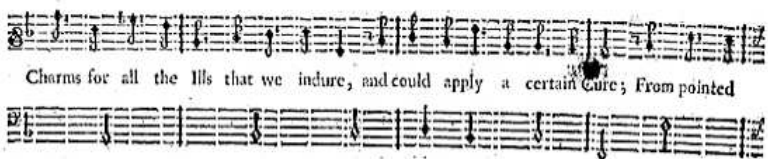
On the Death of his Worthy Friend Mr. MATTHEW LOCKE,
MUSIC-Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty,
And Organist of Her Majesties Chappel, who Dyed in August, 1677.



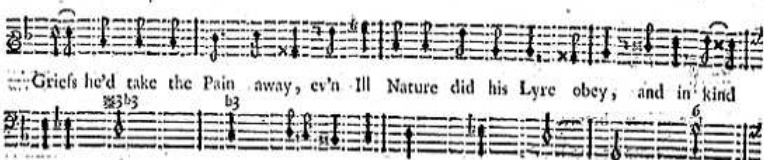
What hope for us remains now he is gone? he that knew all the



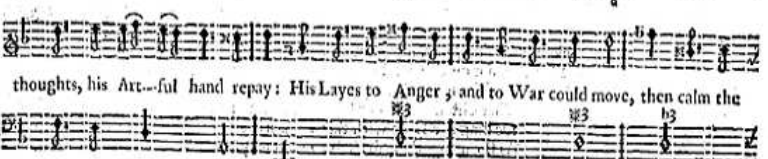
pow'r of Numbers flow'n; alas! too soon; Ev'n he, whose skill-ful Har-mo-ny had



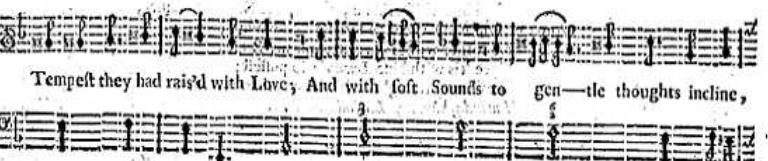
Charms for all the Ills that we endure, and could apply a certain Cure; From pointed



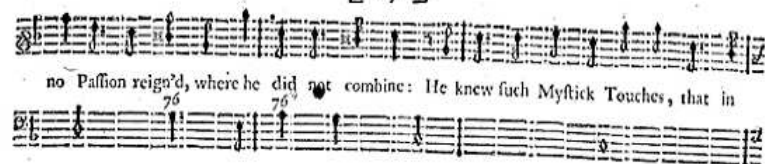
Griefs he'd take the Pain away, ev'n Ill Nature did his Lyre obey, and in kind



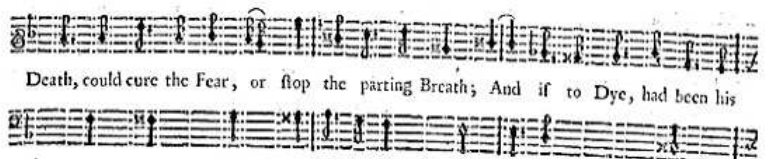
thoughts, his Art-ful hand repay: His Lays to Anger, and to War could move, then calm the



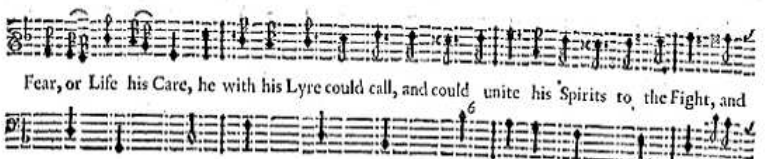
Tempest they had rais'd with Love; And with soft Sounds to gen-tle thoughts incline,



no Passion reign'd, where he did not combine: He knew such Mystick Touches, that in



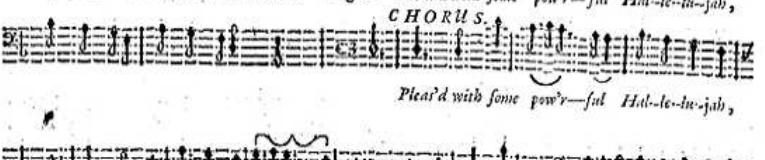
Death, could cure the Fear, or stop the parting Breath; And if to Dye, had been his



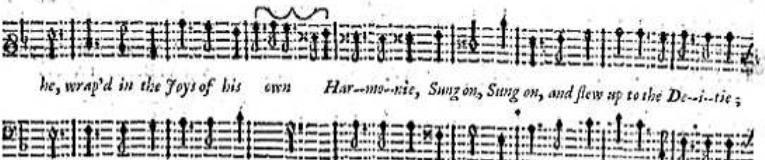
Fear, or Life his Care, he with his Lyre could call, and could unite his Spirits to the Fight, and



vanquish Death in his own Field of Night. Pleas'd with some pow'r-ful Hal-le-lu-jah,



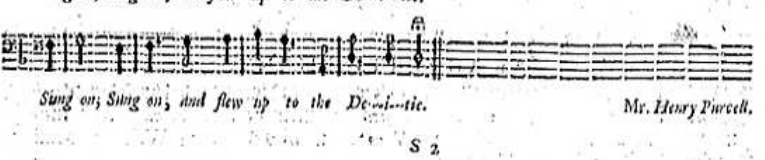
Pleas'd with some pow'r-ful Hal-le-lu-jah,



he, wrap'd in the Joy of his own Har-mo-nie, Sing on, Sing on, and flew up to the De-i-tie;



he, wrap'd in the Joy of his own Har-mo-nie, Sing on, Sing on, and flew up to the De-i-tie;



Sing on, Sing on, and flew up to the De-i-tie.

Sing on, Sing on, and flew up to the De-i-tie.

Mr. Henry Purcell.